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BY RICHARD BEN CRAMER

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1993 \$2.50

Tom Hanks Gets Tough

Lupica's
Fearless
Predictions
for 1994

How
to Look at
Naked
Women





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"Did you ever notice how good he smells?"



GEORGIA: *I finally went out to dinner with him last night.*

JACKIE: *Just the two of you? Where did you go?*

GEORGIA: *Mari's.*

JACKIE: *Mari's? The food is terrible.*

GEORGIA: *I didn't notice. I don't really even know what I ate.*

JACKIE: *Really?*

GEORGIA: *You should have seen him. He was so sweet.*

He spilled his wine all over my dress.

JACKIE: *Awfully.*

GEORGIA: *And then when he reached over to give me his napkin, he knocked over his water glass.*

JACKIE: *Hilarious.*

GEORGIA: *Well, it was. We couldn't stop laughing.*

We just had to get out of there. We laughed all the way back to my place.

JACKIE: *Your place?*

GEORGIA: *Well, I was soaked. And besides...*

JACKIE: *Besides.*

GEORGIA: *Did you ever notice how good he smells?*

JACKIE: *Frankly, no.*

GEORGIA: *He wears the most wonderful cologne.*

JACKIE: *Does it look what it is?*

GEORGIA: *Well, it comes in a box with dots.*

JACKIE: *Dots?*

GEORGIA: *Dots.*

JACKIE: *So. Now we're back at your place.*

GEORGIA: *Jackie, how's your market?*



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GOOD GRIEF!



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spring action which cushions any sudden pressure changes from bumps or angles of the skin surface. The result is not only a shave of exceptional closeness, but also unsuspected comfort.

POWER TO SPARE

The Panasonic Smooth Operator II is powered by an advanced nickel-cadmium rechargeable battery which can deliver average operating time from 35 to 54 minutes depending on model. The motor inside represents the latest development in Panasonic technology to make shaving fast and effective.

TRIPLE FOIL PATTERN

The foil on the Smooth Operator II is an engineering marvel within itself. Computer-coded in both design and

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hair types are captured and cut. The super-iridium coated foil provides sustained sharpness and is extremely durable for close shaving and long life.



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FOR ALL THOSE WHO HAVE A FAMILY
BUT AREN'T READY TO SETTLE DOWN.



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The Sound and the Fury

Wild About Harvey

THANKS FOR PUBLISHING Nick Tosco's fine article on Harvey Keitel ("Hawaii, Hell, Harvey Keitel" [September]), and for putting him on your cover. This talented, shamelessly unapologetic and unapologetic actor has the rare quality of freshly becoming the character he is portraying.

—ROBERT F. SUZGROM
Salem, S.C.

Kate-State Debate

THANK YOU Bella Steno's article "The State of Marc" (September) came just as I was leaving for my New Year's Eve first reunion in Colorado Springs. I canceled the trip and replace the conditions that exist in the state. I spent three and a half years in combat in the South Pacific, believing that freedom and justice for all was the reason I was there.

—JOHN MERRIS
San Antonio, N.M.

WHAT APPELLING, half-faced beauty! Bella Steno's analysis that hundreds of thousands of churchgoing, hardworking and Bible-believing Coloradans must be crazy or sadistic if they don't subscribe to her point of view! These family folk choose to believe God and the Bible rather than the interwoven clowns of special-interest lobbyist-to-the-calls class, "poor Colorado" and "a right state." The crazy message that these good people might have made an incredible, unaltruistic choice. And yet, she herself opined that the majority vote was legitimate—and would be larger if the election were held today! Who's stupid, glibble, or both—the voters of Colorado or Bella Steno?

—PAT BOONIS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Under Fire

JOHN BERRY'S "The Gun" (September) shot Nixons. The Conservative's guesses repeatedly wrote that the right to arms was reserved to the individual, and the U.S. Supreme Court ruled in 1939 that the words "the people" used in the First, Second, Fourth,

Ninth, and Tenth amendments mean the same thing throughout the individual. That means gun ownership is an individual right, not Berry's vague "right of the state to maintain without."

The NRA opposed a bill banning so-called "cop killer" bullets because the bill also would have banned most common hunting ammunition. As for "plastic guns," the NRA opposed the bill arguing these mythical firearms because the bill instead would have banned millions of affordable, fully detachable firearms while doing nothing to improve the real problem of displaced support accuracy. Today's laws in some states make some sense. One restricts KTW minor-purchasing ammunition exclusively to law officers while protecting standard ammunition for hunters, another prohibits anyone from ever tracking or selling an uncollectible plastic gun, while requiring supports to assess and improve accuracy. Both laws passed thanks to NRA support. Despite a veneer of fairness, Berry's piece is about as balanced as a tract from the antigun lobby.

—WARREN E. LAFIERE JR.
Executive Vice President
National Rifle Association
Washington, D.C.

IT IS A MYTH that most gun homicides are the work of aggressors with friends and relatives. Less than 20 percent are committed by friends or family of the victims. As a member of the NRA, I am used to seeing the media's portrayal of the organization as a bunch of moonbushers wearing plaid caps with the eagles aloft.

—NICHOLAS R. RUFOLONGE
Arlington, Va.

MR. BERRY'S COLUMN that guns kill mostly family and friends. That, however, does not imply that the owner is regarded as obtaining a gun. If a husband starts to recklessly beat his wife, and, in self-defense, she shoots him, the gun will have killed a family member and successfully defended its owner from a lethal assault.

—NORM MATTHEW
Miami, Fla.

WHAT IS IT that if someone gets drunk and shoots himself, that is a firearm-related death, but if someone gets drunk and falls himself on a car that is an alcohol-related death?

—DONALD E. COMANT
West Meade, La.

NOY ONE single officer has been killed by a Teflon-coated, "cop killer" bullet. Why not mention the millions of Americans who are responsible with firearms and that less than 1 percent of all firearms in the U.S. are ever used in a crime? We have too many gun-related laws as it is. What we need is more control.

—RICHARD W. UDELM
Alhambra, Pa.

JOHN BERRY'S REPLY: The 1990 Supreme Court ruling cited by Mr. LaFiere (U.S. v. *Wendup-Unguided*) was a search-and-seizure case, not a gun-rights case. The courts concern with the term "the people" in this statute had to do with its application to create some restrictions on the use of the Second Amendment and individual rights was not addressed. According to the FBI, nearly 70 percent of gun homicides are committed by family friends or acquaintances. Two police officers—Philip Roth and Donald Innes—were killed by Teflon-coated cop-killer bullets in Broward County, Florida, in 1996.

Alman's Fiver

THESE JEWEL'S ARTICLE "Short Cuts: Robert Altman Shows the Secrets of Raymond Carver" (September) is brilliant, as is Altman's Short Cuts. However, Mr. Jenks credits Cary Brokaw as producer of Robert Altman's film *The Player*. Mr. Brokaw was executive producer. I produced *The Player* with Michael Tolkin and Nick Wechsler, and it is a David Brown/Edna-Wechsler production. Unquestionably, Erickson performed valuable business and creative services and was credited "on-line." However, Michael Tolkin, Nick Wechsler, and I were the foot soldiers as well as the genesis of this movie.

—DAVID BROWN
New York, N.Y.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and daytime phone number to: The Sound and the Fury, Equinox, 130 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

ETERNITY



Calvin Klein
parfum
Nordstrom

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IT CAN TRANSPORT YOU TO
ANOTHER STATE OF MIND.



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ACURA

ESQUIRE HAS ALWAYS BEEN EDITED to be a magazine for men—as the cover says. But these are complicated times, and defining men's issues is more difficult than giving men what they have traditionally wanted. It is no secret that men like to look at beautiful women, just as they enjoy rancorous journalism and great fiction. That's the easy part, and I will get to it a bit later. More difficult are highly charged topics like homosexuality and how to deal with it in this magazine. ¶ Although the gay-rights movement has awakened the American consciousness, at least two closets remain largely shut: the

military and Hollywood. And few so-called men's magazines have dared to peek into either. This is not simply the result of homophobia but of the inability to understand that gay men have a profound effect on how all American men see themselves and function in society. After *Seamus*, Allen Schneider was beaten to death last year on a bathroom floor in Japan, many dropped him in martyrdoms for all homosexuals in the military. Others pointed to his fate as a horrid example of why gays



With the top down: Model Cecilia Nord on Fifth Avenue

should not be allowed to serve. But the case is about much more than that ("The Accidental Martyr," page 90). It is about Terry Hickey, the sailor who killed Schindler, and what drove him to the terrible violence. And it is about little boys and how they grow up and what kind of men they become. Most disturbing, according to National Magazine Award-winner **Chip Brown**, who reported the story, "It doesn't necessarily matter who you are. It's what's in the mind of the person who hates you. It could just as easily have been somebody other than Schneider on that bathroom floor."

Hollywood, in its own way, has been trying to come to terms with homosexuality for the past few years. The screen shows signs of the moves beyond sill ribbons at the *Academy Awards* to finally making a serious movie about AIDS—Jonathan Demme's *Philadelphia*, starring Tom Hanks as an HIV-infected lawyer ("Tom Hanks Wipes That Grit off His Face," page 74). "Philadelphia is just a man," contributing editor **Jazzet Conant** says. "It's not proof of any new cosmic axiom. What is more interesting is why a straight guy like Hanks would take such a role and how he relates to it."

Now the gay part. After chronicling the shake-up within the Italian Mafia last June ("Men of Honor"), **Richard Ben Cramer** headed off to merry old England for some deep probes of the country that debates marriage-for-no-reason

("Lark England," page 64). This time, the wily Pulitzer Prize-winner had less trouble with the language but was struck by the scope of his reporting. "I spoke to everyone, from the guys who make kippers in Whitby to the deadies at Scarborough," says the author of *What's This*, the best-selling portrait of the 1988 presidential campaign. "I tried to get my arms around the whole benighted kingdom." And what did Cramer conclude? "The sun is definitely strange."

Girls **Offit** makes his debut in a national magazine with his short story "Out of the Woods" (page 24). "This is the first time I've been paid for something other than music," says Offit, now at work on a novel. His office remark, *The New York Times*, was published earlier this year by Simon & Schuster.

Now let's look at some women. "Topless bars are springing up all over the country again, and while no one would ever accuse **Iyan Savoyan** of being as righteous as, say, Elizabeth Post, she does offer helpful enigmatic hints in "The Naked Truth About Strip Joints" (page 100). Her knowledge is hard-earned: Savoyan's danced six to seven hours a night for three weeks in a New Orleans club to give to her editor's eyes what she will expand in her forthcoming book, *New Lane* (W. W. Norton).

Finally, what happens when you send a beautiful model (Cecilia Nord, in this case) on a glisten stroll down Fifth Avenue with photographer Andrew Sculze (page 94)? Ask **Woody Richman**, who takes charge of our expanded fashion section, *Esquire* Gentlemen (launched after the *Esquire* special issue). Each month, the Gentlemen will cover the latest developments in men's wear as well as pressing issues of manners—like how to deal with women in the two rather undressed circumstances mentioned above.

The magazine was conceived "F.M.

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Man At His Best

EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC

Love to Kill You

In a very black comedy, Lena Olin revisits her favorite obsessions, sex and death

WITH ONLY A HANDFUL of movie roles, the Swedish actress Lena Olin has made herself one something like an old-fashioned glamorous movie star. Does legend foregoes come to mind? She certainly did in Sydney Pollack's wild musical *Olin in Moscow*, her topical homage to *Casablanca*. But Bergman had a way of casting into her passionate screen love affairs. Olin isn't the making type. She is a dark Swede, sexy and voluptuous in the way of our top female athletes. While that cool face has surely launched a million crashes, the energy of her hair across the jet of the jet suggests a lovable, predatory quality.

"I have an enormous amount of sex in me," she says evenly, explaining her predilection for extreme roles.

In the movies, a proper Lena Olin love interest is apt to be a passionate fellow country with nerves, and Olin is apt to devour him. (Think of conked-out, competitively swimming David Dreyfuss in *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* or polygamist abolitionist Ron Silver in *Evans & Lowe Story*.) Her oddest love story is her latest, director Peter Medak's arch *S&M Lulu*, Roman à la mode. She plays Mona Desai, the ginger-star from India who marries Pacific Gary Oldman, a bad guy who has bitten off more than he can chew. Typical of the scene in which Olin handcuffed in the bottom of a car swings her legs around Old man's waist, looking here in a silk-stockinged vice. To be sure, most of Olin's screen coverage has not been mainstream. In *Lightness*, she came out to escape from political oppression and mend European enmity, in *Evans*, to hide from Holocaust ghosts. In real life, acting is to her what sex is to her character, a respite from darker concerns. "If I didn't have this job of being an actor, I think I would go to sex," she says, again evenly.

—JUSTINE HOFFER

Lena Olin: in *Rosencr & Guildenstern*, the tracks in sex to die for

Publishing History

FAR FROM THE bookish and attention to one of the century's most remarkable publishing events, but Atlanta's Knopf Press is issuing an anthology of fiction published in *Esquire* over the last sixty years. *Essential Last*, Volume 2, by Magn is not only, it seems, the best of all American literary anthologies, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Hemingway, but its real distinction lies in the encompassing of new voices—Barry Hannah, Louise Erdrich, Dennis Lehane. Taken together, the works constitute a sort of secret history of the nation's summer life for most of the century. Oh, yes, did we mention that all of these works originally appeared in the magazine's



It's the Context, Stupid

TWO OR THREE'as part of a conceptual piece, Mike Kelley's stuffed animals can't help but be charming. You look close, and you... they're sort of dirty. Fabrics worn. What appeared a homely boy somehow dodges up ideas about poverty, failure, even child abuse. Like some Blanchot text for everyday pathology, Kelley's art only points in this direction. If you can see depression in a teddy bear, well, that's what you see.

"The stuff is so context," Kelley says. "But in the art context, nothing says charming."

His creative output spans two decades, yet Kelley (equal parts Iggy Pop and Marcel Duchamp) didn't achieve mainstream notoriety until longtime

acquaintance Sonic Youth used details of *AKA... Yeah!* as album art. Now a retrospective of nearly two hundred of Kelley's charged, disturbing, and occasionally hilarious paintings, sculptures, and installations is at the Whitney Museum in New York. What unites the exhibit: from a group of repressive businessmen to a left banner that reads **PAINTS BETTER A PHOTO** to Kelley's dejected, dead-on mystery of the American vernacular. Taken out of a honeycombed, his banalistic images take significance—even an *Amish* cheese board appears creepy.

"You don't trust art," Kelley says calmly. "When you can't figure out what it is... it must be something bad."

—WILLIAM PRITCHARD

Mike Kelley at the Whitney Museum through February 29

Toys in the attic: Mike Kelley's conceptual piece *AKA... Yeah!* (1984) features a cast of thrift-shop rejects and a portrait of the artist as an adolescent toy.



Greg Kinnear: He enjoys a snort at the talk show's expense on the *El* channel's *Tell Soap*.



America Is One Big, Sick Talk Show, and Greg Will Be Your Host

GREG KINNEAR is the tooth-beared, cheeky monkey gleefully presiding over the decline of *Weekend Update* on the E! channel's hit rerun of the talk show, *Tell Soap*. "I am as stoned as the next person about what's going on in daytime TV," says Kinnear, shocked as usual. He rousts the clips

in a snicker state of good-natured horror over the fact that America has turned into a continuously blessed, crosshatched, wife-slapping, transsexual frank show. "You've got three categories in a guy who likes to wear women's clothes, and you've got yourself a show," says Kinnear, sketching in the big economic picture. Think of it as the proliferation of a bad media seed. In fact, it's hard not to share the back-story of *Tell Soap*, a bunch of spouses flailing around a soap bowl, so conspicuously resembles a microscopic shot of clanking spermatazoa. "I would like to think that was not the context," says Kinnear over the microphone. ■

Would the Audubon Society Admit Audubon Today?

HE WAS A CRACK SHOT bringing down birds by the score, stuffing them, then writing them up to pass. John James Audubon created scientific rendering that was also damn fine art. And the first major show ever of his original watercolors, at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., offers the equivalent of a director's rough cut for the founder's engraving of his magisterial book, *The Birds of America*.

Prized in his time for its realism, Audubon is now seen even artistically by David, Gibson, and Whistler's Japanese prints. Romanticism didn't win a concept as human as him. The man has birds a player in both character drama, not an afterthought in an ecosystem. They are so typecast as way of Marka Perle's focus. But they also possess abstract and graceful shapes that have endeared them to contemporary artists such as Pevik Smith. And his distant background, barely sketched, imply a timeless world, the antithetical little bits that set them inspired architect Frank Gehry.

These backgrounds delimit so American upon, realized with light, without middle ground, a cosmetic balance. The birds, not against a sky or an ocean, they vary to give memorably. Looking at them, as Buck Funn nod of bearing them, make a body feel powerful because. ■



John James Audubon at the National Gallery of Art through January 2

GUESS
?

GUESS
JEANS

The Cult of Beef

Fat, expensive, dangerous, and delicious, it's the meat of power and affluence

AFTER ALL, we've been told about the dangers of eating beef—about how the fat and the cholesterol may cause cancer, heart attacks, and diabetes—indeed, after fifteen years of cutting back our consumption of beef from an average of ninety-one pounds a year to sixty-six, why, suddenly, are we beginning to eat more beef? Why have three big new steak houses opened in New York this fall, when only last year steak houses were being stigmatized as the new speakeasies? Part of the answer is that the beef industry has spent \$42 million on its ad campaign. Another reason is that we're getting a little tired of being told what not to eat. Finally, in bad economic times, when big expenditures are out of the question, we tend to opt for an affordable luxury, like steak.

Last summer, not having eaten a morsel of red meat in more than a year, I decided to treat myself to the world's most expensive beef: a Kobe steak. Raised in Japan and available at only one restaurant in New York (Old Homestead, at 2000 a portion), Kobe beef is cut from cattle that are fed soybeans and beer and given daily massages. Kobe steaks are known for their rare and tenderness and for having two to three times as much marbled fat as American steaks. This means they are dangerous, but as Martin Luther said, if you are going to sin, sin strongly.

The Old Homestead has a typical midwestern ambience—dark wood paneling, leather chairs, and the sound of heavy laughter—which is to say it is a masculine setting. That figure, because, after all, beef is a man's meat. Anyone who doubts that assertion should ponder the fact that, with the exception of the Fourth of

July, more beef is eaten in America on Father's Day (80 million pounds of it) than on any other day of the year—twice the daily average. Beef, especially rare beef, is a rite of strength and virility, so it is not just by chance that millions of men who never so much as hold an egg the rest of the year graze on steaks and grill steaks and hamburgers in the backyard come June. They may not know it, but they are taking part in a ritual that goes back thousands of years.

It all started with the Egyptian king Menes, who introduced bovine worship in 3100 B.C. Each year, Menes would eat the flesh of a steer designated as the incarnation of the great bull god Apis. In the process, he was thought to acquire some of the god's physical power and invincibility. This notion—that a man derives strength and courage from eating beef—has lived on for centuries in one form or another. Soldiers have traditionally been fed beef before going into battle. Shakespeare observed that Englishmen fight like devils when they are fed great meals of beef. American GIs were given more than double the caloric ration of beef during World War II. Not surprisingly, beef has also been viewed as a sexual stimulant. Spanish women traditionally buy a steak cut from the heaven half of the afternoon's bullfight in the hope that it will enhance their husbands' manliness. Conversely, nineteenth-century schoolmasters used to put adolescent boys on a vegetarian diet for fear that red meat would encourage them to masturbate.

When our waiter approached the table, we told him we wanted to try a Kobe steak. His eyes lit up. "It's just the last week," he said. "Warren Beatty, Sylvester Stallone, Madonna, and John F. Kennedy Jr. all came in for Kobe steaks."

For the sake of comparison, we also ordered a heavy-cut sirloin (\$19.95) and a filet mignon (\$17.95). That's the other major thing about beef: It's a symbol of wealth. The word *steak*, in fact, is a corruption of the Latin *optima* as spoken by medieval English peasants in reference to their principal holdings, or capital, which happened to be livestock. Beef has always been an indicator of economic means. English aristocrats, who took so breeding cattle in the nineteenth century, went so far as to hire the most esteemed artists of the day to paint portraits of their prize-winning steers. Today we are the richest country on earth, and we consume a quarter of the world's beef. As Japan has improved its economic standing, it has seen a parallel increase in consumption of beef—nearly fourfold since 1965. At the same time, the Japanese have suffered a corresponding in-



Unhappy for the better population, 91 percent of Americans eat beef regularly.



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TIMEX. IT TAKES A LICKING AND KEEPS ON TICKING.

crease in deaths from colon cancer and other ailments known collectively as "diseases of affluence."

Our waiter went away and reappeared proudly displaying a thick slab of rare Kobe steak—a presentation performed meticulously for those who order this delicacy of the house. The fat had been so well managed into the beef's flesh that the meat was pink rather than red.

"How well does it go with your wine?" I asked.

"We serve such Kobe steaks more than medications," he said. "So more a slice we can't afford to overlook a single order."

While the steaks were being prepared, I reflected on all the bad years beef has been getting in recent years in the eyes of beef hater, the 1/3 billion herd of cattle roaming the earth are nothing more than "beefed humans." They consume almost a third of all the world's grain (just pounds of feed are required to produce one pound of meat); they compact the soil and contribute to erosion; they pollute freshwater with their dung and urine; and they prevent global warming by releasing methane into the air. There are other horrors as catalogued in January *Rolling Stone's* riveting book *Beefed*. Beef Rollen once feeding programs that seek to reduce costs by bulking up cattle feed with cardboard, newspaper, chicken manure, and even industrial sewage. He describes increasingly lax inspection procedures that allow abused and contaminated meat to find its way onto our dinner tables.

I bemoaned these thoughts from my seat when our three steaks arrived, thick and sizzling. We tried the like sequence first. It was tender, flavorful, and juicy. The sear, too, was mag-

nificent, as counter crisp and satisfying. Then I cut in to the Kobe steak, and the knife sliced through it without any effort at all. The meat was reddish, glistening, and suffused with melted fat. A strong, smoky flavor burst forth when I bit into it. It was smooth, there was no steaky muscle to chew through. We all agreed it was the best steak we had ever tasted. By comparison the other two, good as they were, seemed tough and bland.

I suppose the fat and cholesterol were bad for us, but what else? There is evidence that wheat, the chief ingredient of the staff of life, may trigger schizophrenia. And so far sweating off meat altogether, let me remind you that Hitler was a veggie. I, however, am what is supposed to be the most healthy food in the world, the food that feeds armies, presidents, and lovers. Then I went home and slept like a baby.



I Want My M-CD

It may do for CD-ROM what the original Macintosh did for computers.

SOMETIMES IT JUST TAKES A dash, brand-new package to degustify a technology. While most CD-ROM players are anonymous add-on boxes for your computer, Apple's PowerCD player (suggested retail, \$499) is as shapely and self-contained as a Dietman. It plugs into your TV to play photo CDs, your stereo to play audio CDs, or your Macintosh or PowerBook to play CD-ROMs, which provide images and programs as well as digital sound. It

When in ROM . . .

INTERACTIVE MUSIC VIDEO, games, and expanded books are finally giving us CD-ROMs with more soul than encyclopedias. The most ambitious of the new CD-ROMs appear to be "MTV on disc," an interactive gem by Horowitz, some of the discs in his recent rotation.

Freak Show, the Residents (Weezer). The most elaborately worked out of the discs, based on the concept of a carnival, through which the viewer moves to see and hear songs and acts—complete with an annotated visit to the band's trailer.

Experiences I, Peter Gabriel (Interscope). A chance to savor the 13 albums, a studio tour, and a minutely correct introduction to Third World musical instruments wrapped in one.

Virtual Groundhog (Crescent). Inevitable vote of a better fit for the King. See the

jungle room in thrilling VGA. There the path the King followed, down from bed room to kitchen, for one of these present-hunter-and-hunter sandwiches.

Jump They Say (David Bowie [Sire]). His latest video—for his fans to check change.

The Rate of Spring (Voyager). Complex, with score, notes, and Picasso's ink sketches of Stravinsky.

A Hard Day's Night (Voyager). The whole Beatles film, along with accompanying lyrics, and sound effects. The snippets of other Richard Lester films are a bit much.

Macbeth (Voyager). The rare and famous performance, along with a glossary of Elizabethan vocabulary. You can substitute your own voice for the actors in a sort of karaoke Shakespeare.

Giants. Portraits of Victory (TWG). A high-tech biography composed of snapshots, speech bubbles, and happy music. It

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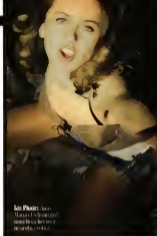
Girls who do

LIT STRAIGHT PART WOMEN you sit smart as the it, able to spot a Maner or two when you walk through the Chicago Art Institute, and when they sit the mood, she'll be your "blow-job queen." Why? It's in *Opportunities* (Masthead). These qualities as an esteemed beauty girl for the 1990s. In "Flower," her searing yet her progress declines, in a bad-need song, "Every time I see your face, I get all wet between my legs," deciding how she wants to "fuck you like a dog, take you home and make you like it." Now, Madonna does tick her hand down that her it's hard to get pen up about someone wearing braes; prings bound to put your eye out. Maybe it's that not-yet girl behavior thing, that she's from Wisconsin, Illinois, hometown of Ann-Margret, most some of lewdery to college boys just and present, her there's some thing about her talking dirty that I find so, so.

What gets me off is how women she is, how that Wisconsin, Oberlin College-ma-ma-ma some of enticement is countered by an equally growing necessary Post-war

sexual freedom is key to the current libidinal movement in girl rock. Enid in *Opportunities* is supposed to be a song by song, relationship/commentary on the times' Enid as Madonna and if that's not true, I don't know what it. But it's not easy being a sexually conscious girl-rockist. Boy-dominated rock/funk: You know who we are? may have no problem accommodating the ball bearing streak of femininity like the riot girls or leatherhead scenography like Joan Jett, but when confronted with protest (as opposed to anthemic) female sexuality, it's a blur, often resorting to the most marginalizing of all rock options [like "Tired with the Jimi Hendrix breath"

That said, Phair appears to break new ground (in this decade's expression) with "Clary," a goddess past to evangelize ("He's got a really big tongue, it will eat you"). She also has a more called "Fuck and Run," but it seems a more conventional dance for "boyfriend the kind of guy who tries to win you over." No matter, with Lit, a smart, fun girl likely given to psychographically unstable mood swings, it's all about, and



Lit Phair: Sex-
Mama! (1990)
Masthead
1990/1991

she's sweetest, fun, smart, Julia Hartfield, with whom Phair is often linked, is not exactly so much fan-factly suburban, she's very nervous about her looks. She says she's "ugly with a capital U" when it's obvious she's a total dish. A Neil Young droid, however, meaning over Enid's What the Axx (Atlantic), but with her rich-thin voice and slender-headed coronet ("Hanna only wreck the world," you

wonder about the success being proposed for her. Due special consideration, however, is DJ Harvey, whose raucous self-promotion has already been alluded to in these pages. When she begins "Dry" on *Raf Me* (Merch) with the lines "I caught it in the fact," and you can't tell if she's talking about come or a fat, it's not what you'd call fierce, but you look down, catch that cue, and who's nervous now? "

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Sex Mamas Past and Present

Doris Seltz: Sex-
mama and singer (left)

Christa Howe: Role
model, previous greatest
female sex rocker

Patti Smith: Role model
(right), once dedicated a book of poems



to Mickey Spillane and
Ann Pulverberg

Mark Jagger: Role model,
vocalist

Madonna: Bigger than
life, smaller than death



Jan Mitchell: Must to avoid, but not her
frail, totally

Mary Elizabeth: Author, *Bad Behavior*,
stories of sexual awareness

Sheryl Lee: Protagonist,
tough victim, killer sex
rocker (right)

Enid Jensen: Tougher
than tough, real with
her, *Henry's Tell Me*!



Design: Phil Patton

Blobjects

By the time we hit the year 2000, the ruling style may be 2000 a.c.

IN HIS NOVEL *Mona Lisa Overdrive*, William Gibson imagines the postwar TV workplace of the future: a smooth, oblong shape, like a piece of polished obsidian, rib its top and create holographic channels springing to being. That's the sort of vision that motivates designers these days, says Steven Hiett of Frogganga, whose card made visionary. It may be why, more and more, the devices around us look like blobs—like socks, eggs, or rice eggs.

In the heady days of the 1940s, when blobs were fine called biomorphic, the blob ranked with the cube as a modern ideal shape. Artists and designers were a little fuzzy on just why, though. Blobs were the shapes of nature, to be sure, but so the surrealism. Dalí's soft forms and floating oblongs were also the shapes in our heads, the shapes of mind.

In 1961 Eliot Noyes, who had created a show on biomorphism for the Museum of Modern Art, brought blobism to the mainstream with his IBM Selectric typewriter. Its metal case—curved with a recess that welcomed hands to the keyboard—was an effort to suggest roundness in the unnatural environment of the office.

But today's blobism has gone beyond ergonomics to symbolism. Just as designers once took the shapes of aerodynamicism—the cool of a DC-3 or the fuselage of a Lockheed Zepher—and applied them to stationary objects from pencil sharpeners to water pitchers, designers have begun to make a style of ergonomics. They start function into fashion, but with a message: Blobby products verbally boast that they've made high tech as accessible as a hand tool. They literally merge hardware into software that is not only user-friendly but downright user-lovable.

The ultimate blob-design project, however, may be the under way at Industrial Light & Magic, where designers are busily designing the petroblobs of Fred and Wilma's house for the film version of *The Flintstones*. For rock shapes, where better to go than Bedrock?

① The new Apple and Microsoft mice seem made of rice, but the star knob in this Microsoft mouse has a tail. ② From home, the Allen's CBS-2236, have melted down from legs rectangular chunks to soft blobby shapes, with speakers whose woofers resemble the air intake on a Miata. ③ The body of Microsoft's Freedom Action Zone mouse seems to decay, melt, and rot in every dimension, as if it had been left too close to the fire. ④ In Video's Palm Mac mini external remote control looks like a leg, with touch pads as smooth as the wax on. ⑤ RCA's latest series of television sets oval at the corners where their speakers project.



Feeling Man

NORDSTROM
BARNES NEW YORK
DAYTON'S
HUDSON'S
MARSHALL FIELD'S
HOLT RENFREW



Feeling Man

THE CHARACTER OF A MAN REVEALS IN A FRAGRANCE OF STARTLING ORIGINALITY. A STATEMENT OF SELF.
FOR THE MAN WHO LIVES THROUGH HIS FEELINGS.



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*Merry, merry, merry, merry, merry,
merry, merry 12-25-93*

ROBERT LUTZGACKER
LUXURY PENN AND PENCILS

Eat and Run: John Marini

Hungry in Aspen

You can't resist the beauty of the place, and now the food goes way beyond good grub

ASPEN is the *Melrose* of American resorts: perfectly gorgeous, generous, and a little light-headed. Everyone's ready here to preserve what already looks as if it had been designed for an *Elle* magazine ad. The guy who began Aspen is his house, built after the town's built to keep Hollywood at bay continues with Hunter Thompson (bring off fear to the mayor about how producer Rurik Gaber found his leg,

pen. This is one of the most beautiful resorts in North America. As the on-patrons Four Corners Grill, Scott Phipps does terrific black-bean chili and goat-cheese quinoa dill, a superb salad of field greens with lemons and meaty potato straws, and a smaller lion with a root-vegetable quinoa and caramelized-shallot sauce that will remind you why for my money, American beef can't be matched anywhere else in the world.

UP, HAPPENING, AND RIGHT AS WELL, BUT SOMEHOW STRANGELY WORKING.

For very good reasons: Perdue's (418 East Main Street) (920-822) has taken Aspen by storm. The seasonal specialties, like wild-truffle pasta, serve excellent Italian food, like pasta

quelli with chicken and onion, like-corned, beautifully braised steaks, and smoked grilled meats. It's not so much eating up a new town, because the word is from Hollywood, New York, and South America makes this the best place to visit Aspen's winter season yet out.



Stretch: Like a piece of the City, Aspen, a well-known and rising role

shared pastures past the snow, based and was truly country. And the only way to see about these developers should have a job for the Aspen Highlands to the car runs it into a gorgeous housing development. At least Don Johnson's rugged therapy, this may be the best place to visit to give anyone the idea.

GREATEST VIEW FROM A GREAT RESTAURANT

IF YOU ALWAYS dream of a nice year break away, the scenery will be at the **Mountain Lodge & Club** (303 924 5100), some eight miles outside As-



THIS SINGLE BEST THING YOU CAN DO IN ASPEN: The bacon-and-cheese-quinoa muffin at the **Panache Bakery**.



Bison hip: Little Nell's grilled bison hip steak.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HAITS

THREE IMPROVABLE RESTAURATIONS of the famous **Red House** (303 East Main Street, 924-2000) now extend to the dining room with the hiring of Jeffrey Truitt, whose Rocky Mountain cuisine—peppered venison with wild-garlic compound and blackberry sauce, grilled veal medallions with onion pepper-and-onion sauce—is as stunning as the town's cowboy Victorian. Seeking George Nubally away from L.A. a **Bel Air Hotel** has brought the **Little Nell** (303 East Durant Avenue, 924-8334) the culinary moment this quietly elegant resort deserves. Here his talents are as full flourish with wonderful dishes like gratified local crab cakes on a garnish of sweet corn, grilled buffalo steak with charred-onion and potato roasts, and the finest rack of Colorado lamb with a roasted anchovy chile sauce. They don't call it the **Big Gutter** for nothing. Aspen's newest, poshest hotel (303 East Dean Street, 924-3200) seems a bit grand for these surroundings, but Xavier Salomon shows a culinary finesse scarce in these parts, as when he plates incredibly sweet Colorado peaches with medallions of duck in a wine sauce or adds them to a chutney rest to seared filet: you in a wondrously peaches cream.

STILL-GOODS AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

Beats: Thompson still seems to be the winner. His, the boys will play pool in the dining room, and the kitchen continues and grows while so the old will be best at the American **Windy Creek Tavern** (303-924-8261), which you'll spot by the wild pig over the door. It's a scene of some things to the outside air, and the barbers parked outside.



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A Ranchette in New Mexico



The newest age: Just a few miles away from the landmarks of Santa Fe, you can still find realty at low prices

The place: Las Vegas, New Mexico. Forty miles and several high-years east of Santa Fe, lying (at 6,500 feet) in the foothills of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, which glow blood-red at twilight, it's a sleepy, unpretentious place. Next-to-last stop on the Santa Fe Trail and the old Santa Fe Railroad. More recently reached by Amtrak and I-25.

A brief history: Profoundly to history but never hazy, Las Vegas has long played a kind of Steins to Santa Fe's Finest House to gentlemanly and saddle-trail from Billy the Kid to Bullfight Sam (and a silent-film capital), the town fell into general disrepair for most of the twentieth century, reemerging in the early 1970s with an eye toward the real estate boom. The historic, hyperauthentic place was restored, and in 1981 architect-landscape architect Charles Prentiss presided over the opening of *Armed Hammer's* lovely restored Wood World College of the American West. It didn't cease.

New age not quite here... When the deluxe-adobe pop-out at Santa Fe reached its inflection three years ago, old-timers, movie stars, New York publish-

ers, or costume-ists, and long-haired speculators and investors headed for Vegas's classic southwest Queen Anne, Romanesque, and Victorian houses, more than nine hundred of which are on the National Register of Historic Places.

... **But:** At the stock of the many superb bachelors, there's a strange admixture of turquoise-and-silver-adorned grunge sang like-corn tortillas and the real people they're amazing. The shops downstairs are as likely to peddle old-time religious tracts like *Prayer My Little Smile* as Guatemalan coffee beans at outrageous prices. The rosey is real on the radio, in Spanish, twice daily. When you buy an engine Niviso arillo here, odds are good it'll be from a Niviso.

Real for the left, United parties: After a nearly 100 percent rise during the 1970s, prices leveled off but are rising again as availability be-

comes scarce. A three-bedroom Victorian recently sold for \$250,000, a three-bedroom adobe with traditional lava fireplace, for \$250,000. The new trend is for ranches sprawling unadorned faster cheap auctions, or for basic suburban ranch, often a hybrid. Some are just out of town, others on hour-long switchbacks through canyons or pristine national parkland. Prices vary from \$25,000 for a standard three-bedroom adobe on six acres to \$250,000 for a two-bedroom adobe with a barn and a stream running through a hundred acres.

The listing: A modest ranchette in El Porvenir, a hamlet twenty miles straight up a mountain from Vegas. Three bedrooms, one garage, on a rushing stream, surrounded by four acres of aspen and ponderosa pine. Annual taxes and insurance about \$1,800. Asking \$180,000. Sooner. Century 21, Las Vegas.

This town ain't big enough for the elbow thousand of us: Unlike Santa Fe, El Porvenir, whose adobe houses also in the market nationwide, the market saturation in Vegas is polarly fierce. Small is beautiful. Don't be surprised if your agent profits small adobes in the low \$40,000's. As often as not, he's testing your intentions. —DAN SULLIVAN

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Clinton on the Brink (And Sometimes over It, Too)

Sure, he's suffered a few slings and arrows, but given his penchant for high drama, the President has to be pretty happy with Act I

BIOGRAPHER WANTED: Youngish top executive in the public eye requires award-winning historian for multiyear project. Absolute discretion a must, but subject guarantees biographer access to all papers, as well as in-depth biweekly interviews. Large advance from major publisher assured. Ability to play hearts a plus. Box BC.

You will not see this classified ad in the back pages of the *New York Review of Books* for one of the perks of being president: not having to advertise for talent. But Bill Clinton, even before the dawn of his second year, has in fact decided that he needs an official biographer and has begun discussions with a writer. "The genius of the idea," explains a top White House official, "is that the President wanted a way to look at himself at the end of the day and think about how decisions get made." The salubrious Richard Nixon had his taping system, but the gregarious Clinton craves a fish-and-blood audience, not the wiles of a soulless machine.

No president in memory has begun searching for a biographer so soon after taking office. Ronald Reagan—admittedly a man who thought history was the movie—waited a long five years to name Edmund Morris as his supply-side Rowell George Diaz, for understandable reasons, now no need for an outside historian to dramatize his exhaustive hunt for a domestic policy. But Clinton, who never tires of playing historical near-gauche through the pressurized quarters of the White House, is already engaged in a dialogue with posterity. No detail better illustrates the President's new-found comfort with life in the White House than this need to confide his thoughts and actions to a biographer he trusts

Not too long ago, White House image makers were privately lamenting the nature guy Clinton's inability to become presidential. As the nation's first post-cold-war President, he lacked a worthy Russian to go eyeball-to-eyeball with on the world stage. (Let's face it, Boris Yeltsin is like a big-city mayor, always in trouble and always wanting something.) At home, Clinton's initial policy goals came across as dilute (economic growth? deficit reduction? reelection?), so if his vision could not extend beyond being governor of the United States, the just-as-everyone, save Bob Dole, overestimated to his triumphant State of the Union message, so did we all forget the survival skills that Clinton displayed so readily in the campaign. Just when Clinton seems stuck in the home intruder, something seems to shift and the complex machinery that is his psyche kicks into gear. So it was in September with the masterful health speech, as it was in February with the masterful budget speech. Now, perhaps several years prematurely, White House assistants are nervously uttering phrases such as "We need to have gone through the bad to appreciate the good," as if good humanity will please the First.

How hard it is to get a clear perspective on Clinton when already the headlines of summer seem like ancient history, as far away in time as Iraq's invasion of the Philippines. We've seen Bush by an early spring, destroying our ability to focus. Just a year ago, Clinton was in Leslie Mack's mindfully playing schoolmate-to-choir at his economic summit. Virtually an one-eyed rooster of him had ever heard of Zolt Ford, Kinshasa Wood, or Lani Guinier. Tweedlees sounded like a congressional jangling scandal, and 2000 lawsuits were still the province of Nancy Reagan. Back in those halcyon days, we all naturally assumed that Roger Stone was more than enough ball-slings for any one president.

What we have learned as Clinton nears the end of his first year in office are the peculiar rhythms of his presidency. Clinton remains a leader whose rates of command is predicated on one-hot events. The danger for him is never the big fight but rather the ones that open up in day-to-day Washington and his enervating accommodationist style, which always comes him to late moments. A successful holiday, a robust moment on national TV, and then slowly everything



IT SLEEPS ALONE



A FRUGAL AND ANONYMOUS SCOT, LONG YEARS AGO, observed that the scotch drink which had been used for bringing sherry, port, or madeira into the country, might be employed therefore to extract most actively

A PRIME NOTION IT TURNED OUT TO BE. The scots (particularly those that had contained sherry) imparted both a lustrous golden color and a beguiling hint of redness to the milk.

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Our Man in the White House: Walter Shapiro

deflate like a punctured rubber tire balloon in the Macy's Thanksgiving parade.

This is no longer a matter of the president being behind the learning curve. The day that Clinton lost the academy to replace the rug in the Oval Office (presumably by a bush man, the Johnson like a penis), he symbolically flattened all claims to youthful momentum. Getting yesterday's average, double-line disease, cancer, flu-epid, and an unwieldy White House staff structure are not short-term aberrations, but rather they constrain the Clinton method Success, disapproval, lawsuits, crisis, and then an even more dramatic success is the Chance way. Small wonder Clinton is America's first poll-poll president, a leader whose bodythrills are in tune only with the few who are. Of course the changes of the MTV era. Of course the sex will always be, as strongest Paul Begala puts it, "Can he hold the address, or will they surf on to the next channel?"

As for actual members, Clinton's approval ratings look like the haircut on Calvin of the comic strips. His crisis presidency is replacing the hair-raising eyes of the 1990 New Hampshire primary Public opinion now is to indicate that at most it means as if he making scale neck necks. It is as if the media transformed the White House into Razzamattaz City after the health-policy rollout. Clinton remained a necessary president. When I asked Democratic chairman David Wilhelm how Clinton's political competency had broadened since Election Day 1992, his answer was telling in so topless.

"There continues to be genuine enthusiasm among base Democrats and Clinton voters," he said. "But there is still an element in base. It's neither earned award till Clinton run away from him." This from the professional Democrat.

I DON'T THINK any president ever had a fun year like this," concedes Stan Greenberg, the President's pollster. He's right. Neither Kennedy nor Johnson experienced double-digit negatives in their first year in office. Clinton, in contrast, had earned a 24 percent disapproval rating by inauguration day. Faded to the dictates of spin, Greenberg professes doubt that "his administration will be on a continuous roller coaster." But if the unseasoned-pink thrills and chills continue, Greenberg already has a con-

spiring explanation. Voters want Clinton to succeed, yet they remain cynical about America's economic future. So, Greenberg argues, "people go back and forth between their hopes and their doubts, which provides a natural basis for this kind of issue."

But these poll spins are more than just a struggle for 1994 economic confidence or the nation by-product of twenty-four-hour news cycles. They are the tangible manifestations of the backstairs controlled chaos in the Clinton White House. Take the President's first health-care speech: It is now the stuff of legend that Clinton failed the first seven minutes on national television. But the story of the speech's preparation is perhaps the more vivid example of déjà vu over again. This was precisely the kind of deadline-defying drama that was not supposed to happen anymore—not with David Gergen (only the man for all seasons) back in the White House. With the health-care address to Congress set for a Wednesday night at 9:00, Gergen laid down a no-nonsense, the President must be rehearsing on the White House TelePrompTer deadline of Tuesday afternoon. Either that was for the inevitable if they only listened to the administration, promise to get a thrice of contemporary White House life, follow the bouncing ball as a veteran presidential courier (Gergen) meets an immovable object (Clinton).

Sunday night, The President and Hillary report the first shock.

Monday night, The Clintons pronounce the second bad headlines and receive a new speechwriting team, NSC weekenders Jeffrey Rosen and communications director David Dwyer.

Tuesday morning, The new health-care ghostwriters are briefed by Gergen (message) and George Stephanopoulos (policy). Rosen and Dwyer are then granted a ten-minute audience with the First Lady.

Tuesday, 7:00 p.m.: Gergen decrees that the Rosen-Dwyer draft is "good" and hands it over to the President. Clinton rejects Gergen's verdict. That is, as they say in the White House, a presidential decision that soon will be "revised."

Wednesday morning, Expecting a victory lap, Rosen and Dwyer are instead summoned to the dining room at the Family Quarters for a lay-by-lay speech critique by the Clintons and three outside political consultants

(Greenberg, Begala, and Nancy Greenwald). Around noon, a limp Rosen and Dwyer mumble off to motel where they may separate editing charges.

Wednesday, 4:00 p.m.: The speechwriters-sold (or, more likely distracted) by a posse of experts, including health-care guru Les Magerman—are hunched over a computer screen in Rosen's office, still typing in the corrections. Stephanopoulos grows obviously fidgety; the heat fires on high.

Wednesday, 4:30 p.m.: Gergen arrives in Rosen's office determined to break the bottleneck. Nothing in his vast life experience under Nixon, Ford, and Reagan has prepared him for this level of postscript chaos or that many lobbyists in the room with the secret text. Gergen staggers backward, looking as if he had just discovered Clinton staffers collecting a black. Must you could stand the thought bubble over Gergen's head: My God, it's me who they say about Democrats.

Wednesday, 7:00 p.m.: The long-awaited TelePrompTer rehearsal begins in the Family Theater. Every half-page or so, the President stops reading to suggest new phrasing. Clinton also periodically explodes, "This is just chaotic. Give me an example."

Wednesday, 8:00 p.m.: Dwyer begins typing the final presidential revision. "It was a miracle," he says later, "but it only took me until 8:45 to get it all done."

Wednesday, 8:55 p.m.: Riding in the limousine to the Capitol with the President and the First Lady, Stephanopoulos is dejected to take down their absolutely poverty final editing charges—five minutes to arrange.

What is it with this disaster-prone business president? "It's no good when he's abroad," explains a campaign veteran. "If Bill Clinton were a college football coach, he'd win every game by three points." Moreover like few others in public life by an all-consuming fear of failure, Bill Clinton nonetheless has to stare into the abyss of disaster before he sleeps. One gets the impression that when God was handing out attributes like self-discipline, Clinton was off somewhere working a rope line. But he has managed to outdo some of the most wily presidential habits. Dignity chief of staff Roy Neel insists, "The President is always accounting for order and discipline."

Well, okay, some goals are unattainable, but gone are the fears of adversity that the Clinton administration would

Our Man in the White House: Walter Shapiro

turn out to be one long Renaissance Wasteland. The President now, for example, insists on scheduling himself three hours a day of office time reserved for reading memos and talking on the phone. Another change, says Neff, is that Clinton is "much more comfortable with not knowing everything about everything." Despite his military reputation, Clinton is also something of a clear-thinking President rather than a black hole for official papers. And empirical evidence notwithstanding, White House insiders insist that policy decisions come easily for him. Still, the process of doing self-research remains painful. As Bruce Lindsey, the presidential personal director, puts it, "The most frustrating thing for him is his inability to always remember that he can't let a lot of individual control over so much."

ACCORDING to old Arkansas hands, there is an eerie parallel to Clinton's first term as governor, as which he never placed anyone in charge and, at a snail, caught fire through the cracks to prevent his reelection. Former campaigner reads with the anxiety of a monk of Stephanopoulos, Gergen, and chief of staff Mark McLary. "In the old days, twenty-five people would sit in a room and nothing would be decided," confides a Clinton adviser. "Now three people sit in a room, and, well, I guess it's better."

The problem is not Stephanopoulos—perfectly positioned as Clinton's side-man Gergen, who has his strengths and knows his limitations as a manager. Although an ex-convict to ensure the cover of McLary, the President's kindergarten classmate, it doesn't take Mr. Goodwrench to find the wobbly wheel on the inside. The best and worst thing you can say about Mark the Knifed is that he's nice. Without a tough guy as chief of staff, Clinton sides and finds themselves constantly outgunned by incoherent cabinet officers like Attorney General Janet Reno. Too many senior advisers flow up to the President for resolution. What is to focus on passions, the back hallway scope in the Oval Office. When Clinton issues an order, sometimes something happens, sometimes not.

Stepping just short of Don Regan nostalgia, there is no question that McLary is a supply too similar to the

president he serves. The roots of this administration might as well be Fire Strikes Out. No one in Congress or the cabinet ignores fears the wrath of the White House. A year ago, Clinton was in Little Rock reassigning visiting congressional leaders that—despite his campaign pledge—he would not pressure Congress to cut its own staff. Long before Clinton backed down on granting fees, this was the last sign to Washington that this new president could be rolled.

The problem is not that Clinton lacks a compass. But like a child from a classic dysfunctional family, the President never has anger for those chosen to lead, while offering his broadest smiles and warmest hugs to the outside world. Clinton's nervousness is most visible away from the White House as he banjos low-level staffers: "Why is the rope laid over there instead of over here?" "Why do I have this podium?" "Why wasn't I scheduled time with the local politicians?" By all accounts, Clinton's flare-ups are short-lived and the anger is rarely personal. "He's never yelling at me just to yell," insists an over-loyal aide who is a frequent target of presidential ire. There is a small parallel between battered children and Clinton staffers who have come to believe that being screamed at by the Leader of the Free World is one of the perks of working in the White House.

But the soaring success of September—from the Anita-Rubin headlines to health care—left Clinton so sure-eyed that you frequently watch to look him in a moral room with a de-programmer. "The health-care debate will be the death of Prozac," gushes an otherwise sensible Clinton aide. "It has nothing to say." Presidential aides are now coaxing they will have the vote to pass NAFTA, no longer are they gazing that this is a debilitating crusade laced on Clinton by arrogant labor figures Warren Christopher and Lloyd Bentsen. Both buoyant optimism is one of the side effects of the Poll-Split Presidency—every upvote is like a nail under Clinton's feet. Every time a rich man's income drops, every penny-rich homeowner can ever believe that prices will someday crash. In truth, the combination of NAFTA and health care leaves Clinton fighting a two-front war with Congress over deficit fixes. Critics of both initiatives will scream "job loss"—a potent weapon against a president who owes his election to a

single-minded, the economy-minded focus on that very issue. The last thing that Clinton needs in 1993 is for GOP scammers Phil Gramm to run gassy Reaganite TV spots that begin, "It's morning in Tijuana..."

But the real threat to Clinton remains the deficit. No president in modern history has ever had a greater mismatch between his ambitions and his fiscal resources. Ronald Reagan's re-works in the budget conference under which Clinton must operate. Matters in the Clinton camp are desperate not to lose control of the coming congressional debate over scavenging government. Legislative proposals to codify the presumed savings from the project could easily degenerate into a farce of slash-and-burn posturing on the deficit. (There is a reason that the bottom-line numbers in the Clinton health care plan are phony.) Not only could Clinton lose the most high ground, but he risks being exposed as a reluctant deficit warrior. That's why the President is even hard-pressed to find a billion to pay for a new job-training program designed to blunt criticism of NAFTA. So Clinton soldiers on, pall spiked by dissent, knowing that there will be no light at the end of the fiscal tunnel.

NIGHT HAS FALLEN on the Oval Office, and the only sound is the ticking of the clock. The President, in shirt-sleeves, no loosened, is leaning back in his chair, deep in thought, absently tapping his lower lip. A tape recorder is on the desk, and his biographer sits with a legal pad poised to take notes. "I never expected it to be like this," Clinton says after a long pause. "I dreamed of programs for children, for education, for displaced workers, to grow the economy. Things were the guy craved about the deficit—and I beat the son of a bitch. Why doesn't Congress remember that? How can I live in history when I don't have a damn dime to spend? How can I get re-elected if I don't have the money to make anyone's life better?"

The President's biographer nods sympathetically. Every time, it's the same lament. The media is wrong when they claim that Clinton doesn't see the big picture. He sees it all right—it's just that this poor, oddly lonely guy can't figure out what to do about it. ■

Walter Shapiro, *Shapiro's White House* correspondent, writes regularly in the *queue*.



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The Sporting Life: Mike Lupica

Chow, Charles!

Barkley fast-breaks to Europe, and other eye-opening predictions for 1994

YOU'VE GOT TO feel bad for Charles Barkley. First Michael Jordan and the Chicago Bulls whip his Phoenix Suns in six games for their third-straight NBA title, robbing Barkley of his self-professed destiny. Then Jordan does a Houdini on Charles and disappears from the game altogether. What's a hard superstar to do?

Flash forward to the '93-'94 season.

No Michael. No Bulls. No problem.

As long as the Charon enters the NBA, and the Suns are the team to beat. They meet the Knicks in the finals for one of the most memorable series in professional basketball history. The highlights include several bench-clearing brawls, four Madison Square Garden (MSG) still a raily big Barkley fan, and two extraordinary moments when Eric Riley has to go back to the Knicks' locker room and announce because of the heat in the America West Arena.

The series is dead even—the score tied-up the last five seconds of game seven. In Jacksonville, Fla., the Suns cheer out for Charles, who drives past Steve Lee in the Garden's celebrity seats, drives past Barry Diller, the new owner of the Knicks and the whole Paramount Communications empire, blows a kiss to Madison, and drinks on Patrick Swayze to win the title for the Suns.

First prediction for 1994: **Barkley Comes to Work.** In October he said he was "99.9 percent sure" he would leave the NBA after this season, his after winning the championship he retires, then starts everyone by announcing that he and Jordan are taking their show on the road to Europe, where they will challenge any professional or national team—except for "Mia and Mike, who're sort of the new Hops and Grapes." Barkley says, "Except they aren't got that from Mike." Before departing he adds, "The game plan is simple: Mike rules the air, I own the ground—and the barrels."

World Cup Mania Erpe E.L. Every TV set in every bar is tuned to U.S. versus Cameroon. When the American team wins, the euphoria catches all the way to the White House. First soccer fan Charles Claxton admits that she has just kept her Tony Motta's name stamped on her torso.

Barry Diller On The All-Star Game in Front of Frank Thomas. The seven-foot-tall Mormon has an immediate impact on the

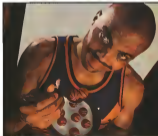
league, not only scoring, rebounding, and blocking shots in a record pace but clearing up his teammates' foul language as well. A unanimous All-Star selection, Bradley declares the honor "I'll play only under two conditions." Bradley says, "No more words and no lockers in the locker room."

Survival Indians Win World Series. The Indians begin the season in a new ball park and wind up in the World Series for the first time in forty years. Cubs fans, desperate to try anything, tear down Wrigley Field and demand a new stadium (Cubs again, I drew Cubs fans in there because it makes me happy to see them so unhappy).

Book Volleyball Spins to Soccer in TV Ratings. With ESPN's providing increased TV coverage, Keith Kinley becomes more famous than Wayne Gretzky. Best beach-volleyball spokesperson and *Sevens* star Pamela Anderson. "They're both great athletes, but let's face it, Keith has the better butt." Also, "Sevens" is reported to be the number-one name for newborn babies in La Jolla.

Kennedy Was National Championship. Taking North Carolina to appear would be too easy. Arkansas is logical, but who cannot taking Michigan's Fab Four would be sort of bold, but football as long as Steve Fisher's calling the name-out.

So I'm going with Rick Pitino and the Kentucky Wildcats—if for no other reason than to piss off all those whiny



Partisan of a central killer: Charles Barkley will devour the competition in the NBA this season and then chew up the world.

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The Sporting Life: Mike Lupica

Duke fans who keep writing to the magazine and begging me to say something kind about your like Chevrolet. Parks. So here it is: boys. Not just Chevrolet.

San Bernabeo Signs with Dodgers. The 28-year-old pitcher, son of former major leaguer Jeff Bagwell and son of 1993 Little League World Series, signs a one-year, \$40 million contract with the Dodgers and is purchased Darryl Strawberry's old job in right field (and the name of the company). Asked about possible endorsement deals, Bagwell says "We're keeping our options open until we figure out my homework schedule."

Lee Hays Wins Olympic Book. Slung by the criticism in *Under the Big Red Dome*, Hays decides to write his own self-love. In *Doing It*, the scary little basketballer explains how you can run yourself ragged selecting the best football players in the country while all those miles on the sidelines, and finally ever get weighed down with the national championship trophy.

World Cup Edition Continues. Longest adjustment in world's U.S.'s second round victory over Norway. Becoming the winning goal. Republicans whip Newt Gingrich capably back. Dick Gephardt into the House well.

Men Reported Missing. In all the excitement surrounding the resignation plan for the '94 season, Major League Baseball accidentally replaces the Men.

"They were supposed to go into the new NL East," acting commissioner Bud Selig says. "But the Men refused because the Braves were there. So we offered them to the American League, but they wouldn't take them. Anyway there's nothing we can do now besides, nobody around they were missing until the All-Star break."

Jeanette Caputo Leaves Home. At about one minute after midnight on her eighth month birthday.

Billie Blair Is Born Fourth Straight Super Bowl. With a few seconds left against the Cowboys the score is tied 21-21. Thurman Thomas takes a short pass from Jim Kelly and scores to be on his way to the winning touchdown and the end of a season of frustration in Buffalo, not to mention all those big, wet kisses from Dr. Z. Suddenly though, out of nowhere, Bills receiver Dan Fells steps into the ball.

The Cowboys return the fumble for a TD and the Bills lose again.

The Answer Was the Answer... Sorry, not this year.

Mike Duka Assesses His Season as ATL Fan. The reader begins when Lupica makes a comment about one of Duke's seasons. His exact words are "How accurate, Mike!" Duke responds by putting Duke by himself into the Telestrator. Duke explains his success in *USA Today*. "What can I tell you? The son of a bitch was asking for it."

George Steinbrenner Buys Carnegie Hall, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and St. Patrick's Cathedral, Moves Them to Times, Soanes, and Belvoir. Once I moved the Yankees to Jersey," Steinbrenner says, "I just couldn't stop myself."

World Cup Free Again. The U.S. syndicates focus in the quarterfinals songwriter Stephen Sondheim as sources plan for a new musical. Sondheim is the ball with *Les Miserables*.

Scott Reynolds Wins World Field Goal in Tiger Bowl. Freshman kicker Scott Reynolds decides to skip the *Ironclads* final game for a guest appearance on *The Bob Hope Christmas Special* as coach Bobby Bowden calls on the school's most famous alum. Reynolds has a choppy walk with two ticks left on the clock, and Alabama goes home empty-handed. Sadly though Florida State is stopped at the national championship one week later when Reynolds turns positive for truth serum.

The Turner and Joan Foods Star in The Bridges of Madison County. Director Steven Spielberg had originally wanted to Robert Redford and Meryl Streep to fill the starring roles, but after seeing Turner's debut in *Goodbye* he courts the dashing blonde and his neurodynamic wife. In a stunning turn of events, Turner wins *Best Actor* for his portrayal of photographer Robert Kincaid, and Dean Cain leads the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion in the somewhat cheap.

World Cup Kicks the Bucket. The American juggernaut scores its match and its national title by Argentina in the final. Nevertheless, giddy network executives look for Donald Trump and Henry Kissinger to form a new professional soccer league with Bud Selig as its first commissioner. One week later, its market surveys disclose there are no soccer fans left in the United States. Apparently they all bought steam tickets to the ball.

The Cowboys return the fumble for a TD and the Bills lose again.

Mike Lupica writes for *The New York Daily News*, and is a regular on ESPN's *The Sports Reporters*.

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Executive Summary: Stanley Bing

Stupid Ideas Every Smart Person Should Know

Hey, dummy, what good are brains if you're the only one using them?

IVE BEEN THINKING a lot about stupid lately. And I've come to some decisions. One, actually. But it has implications. Several, really. . . . *duh dee duh* . . . *Huh?* Oh. Sorry, I was woolgathering. Woolgathering means sitting in one place with all the appearance of thought but not actually taking part in the activity of thinking gas thinking. Occupying space, that's all. Gets your attention, though, doesn't it? That's my point. Stupid people do stuff like that a lot. The strategy team work for them, since there are so many around, and they tend to do very well indeed. In fact, as a way of getting things done, I'm starting to think that stupidity is considerably more useful than flowcharts and focus-group analysis when the pedal meets the metal.

Last week, for example, there was a meeting around here that was so enlightening that, when I consider it now, I'm amazed that no one left its component entirely and went thundering out of the conference room and into the street, yammering about counter-revolutionary demands. We have a new representative on the team, see. Name is Rod. On this occasion, he decided to drop in for an informal, feet-on-the-desk confab with just a couple of key desks and about eight or nine hundred serious overheads. Thing about Rod is that, in spite of the sheer, exuberant intelligence that has enabled his record as a business Viking, he is, at this point, clearly pursuing a policy of strategic stupidity.

We were talking about our regional headquarters in Chicago. We've always had a sales office in Chicago. Lately, it hasn't been doing very well. Its career has declined. It needs focus. The fact is, many of our businessmen had decided to either coast, and Chicago, although it has a great many superb arti-

hans, is not on a coast. So we were spending a good half-hour tawling around the whole tough, intricate issue, which showed no signs of cracking under the weight of our intelligence. After a long period of silence, Rod leaned back in his chair and his face assumed that sure, bold, disingenuous quality like a kid's face would look when confronted with a fundamental question concerning some negligible natural event, like how clouds produce rain. And he says, "Yes, or . . . everybody keeps saying we should reorganize the Chicago office or relocate its mission or cut its profile or load it up. Has nobody's told me . . . Why do we have a Chicago office at all?"

Why do we have a Chicago office at all? We just see them. There was no answer to the question. It was just one . . . stupid. Not dumb, you know? "Why don't we just hire a bunch of college students to do what needs done" round those parts?" would have been a dumb question, because there are so many easy answers to it. Rod's question was different. It was so stupid that it would stir an array of strategic planners, marketers, financial people, and bubble-wrap a week of solid thought and brilliant execution to develop a compelling answer. Now, that's world-class stupidity.

And I find myself admiring it and considering it as an alternative to the increasingly stressful, exhausting thinking we're encouraged to indulge in as a way of doing business all the time. Stupid can be good, if it's pure stupid, unadorned with pretension or ignorance.

Best of all, moving forward on this tactic is possible, even for you and me. Face it, neither of us is all that smart so begin with I know I'm not, which makes me feel pretty confident about you as well. And with work and proper dedication, heck, there's no reason that any of us can't become selectively, creatively stupid enough to achieve the success we've always been after, not day-to-day success, either—big, long-term, dramatic, stunning success.

And that's good, stupid.

To get there, wherever it is we're now going, we're going to need some potent ideas. Big ones that we either so deride that they every stupid person snorts on them or so deeply worship that only a smart person would fail to consider them. Clap! We already see the first. **There are no stupid questions.**

Executive Summary: Stanley Bing

Can you get with a bunch more, buddy?

What you don't have won't hurt you. Data and analysis are the best possible tools, right? Think again. All you really need in business is enough information to make decent scores. After that, executive detail is a pain in the butt. Stupid folks know they don't need it. Freed from all that useless, confusing information, they don't overthink things, because they can't. They don't suffer from imbalances, because they often don't even feel we worry about things. In some ways. Most important, they do firm opinions and take actions that no smart person would resist. That's a tremendous asset in any business activity, but in business it can define the quasi-essential quality that longest achievement—the willingness to move forward whether you "should" or not.

Always follow the lead of the best out. Not so? Not at all. I just get back from loads. (Best work out) In that very easy restaurant are about a hundred people or so, all gazing down mechanically down papers and computer info-cats and other tedious stuff. Know who got the best

service? Who turned the most heads? Who radiated personal force from the center of the universe, which was the locus at which he was sitting? I can't tell you. I have no idea who his name was. But he had a seat so profoundly blue it radiated all other colors of the spectrum, a seat that had never seen a flock of mariners' seats, and a steady little peep of understated suspense poking through. Men had his act together, and didn't the staff buzz around him like dogs around a well-dressed rabble? Why should that be true? Can a man really buy power? Individual? Sleeps it not—not if you're awake!

Once you play golf do better in business. A winning formula, it only for Terry Corso downhills in Oryon condones who never mentioned hopes of being any kind of hipsters at all, right? Wrong again! In all but the most oceanic tribes (where the dreaded macho talking rapidly can rule big-time), golf has become the best way to meet and talk to people—and golf is without a doubt the simplest of all sports, a game in which a person can shoot in the mid-100s and still feel good

about himself because he was "hitting the ball very well." I sat at a bar not long ago with six or seven guys who between them own several hundred million dollars a year for their corporation. They were assembly-line to discuss the industry implications of the economic implications. What did they talk about? Golf. And they didn't just talk about it, no. They ran the subject up one side of the mountain and down the other. They took it for a walk and it was thoroughly reviewed, then they let it back a stick for a while. It was like watching a potentially interesting animal—a lion, maybe—sleep off a large meal at a zoo. You kind of feel like things could get interesting. They never do. Not unless you're stupid enough to jump into the cage and walk around.

Overcoming odds. How many strategic plans did John Akers of IBM go through while people a lot stupider were telling his company to back off the mainframe thing and sell their PCs cheaper? Not so! They were planning. Planning to launch OS/2—the operating system that only really smart people can love—while Microsoft launched. Why down, tailor-made for stupid people who couldn't afford a Microsoft? Planning to market beam deal 286's for the home market when all of America was running out to get their 386's with VGA and Sound Blasters for no intelligent reason except that they wanted to play stupid games. What was IBM doing? Meeting. Thinking? Forgetting? And what are they doing now? Backing wind!

His boss's been thought of before, if approximately a month of time. Innovation is exponentially covered. Be like the Japanese—take other people's ideas, sweat them with smaller resource parts, and leverage pain, death, under resource to carve out superior market share!

When you run out of time, talk that. So — always remember to talk to the person you when you're talking a back except you gotta watch out and don't swing around to talk back-to-back with the other guy before you're completely done, because someone comes, especially among folks who know there has reason to work any harder than you have to, except people will do just about anything you will them of. As long as you support the other guy's need! Be don't state in your talks—don't state his need! And one last thing. If they pay you for it, it's not that simple.

Good, huh? My mother didn't raise any unnecessarily intelligent persons. It

Stanley Bing is a contributing editor of *Entrepreneur*. His Crazy Stories is not in paperback (Pfeifer Books).

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*Dr. Klaus
Maertens.
Inventor,
painter, M.D.
and, fortunately
for all of us,
a damned lousy
skier.*

He said the Dr. Klaus Maertens could do it all. He graduated from medical school in Munich in July 1911. He was a passionate racing skier. He was an accomplished painter. Legend has it he could even open a bottle of beer using only his back right molar. This was in the days before

and dentists worked competently. Instead, as was a necessity with the bottles there was one thing that he couldn't do. Ski.

On a frosty evening in 1927 Klaus donned his wooden skis on the slopes. And it never he did. Hard to hard that he fell on his face quite bad.

On a matter of fact was who were there as it was a sports day event and it's the opening credits of ABC, a movie about sports.

Klaus quite literally limped home on his crutches. He was he and a friend, a mechanical engineer. Dr. Ing. H. Koch, was about inventing a shoe that would offer him relief from his injury. Using a soft rubber approximation from discarded WWI airplane tires, the two worked diligently six days before settling on a simple, yet brilliant idea: the thousands of air bubbles in the soles of the shoes.

That was born the Dr. Maertens patented, world, air cushioned sole. One it really



the air bubbles along the floor like a cushion. It took 10 years later, but it still getting, air filled soles were much like the originals in every pair of Dr. Maertens. Instead of abandoned airplane tires, we use a pliable PVC material that flexes when you walk. The next breakthrough was getting



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the English the English

and American English accents and learners. They have all found Dr. Maertens to be a very reliable comfortable and though not as first fashionable shoe.

New top was ask, whatever became of Dr. Klaus Maertens? Well, he kept on creating his patents and inventing things until the end of his days. But even now, we never forget the man who brought these wonderful shoes to the world. A man by the way who couldn't ski if his life depended on it. For the



legend Dr. Maertens would call from his office.

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The Raw and the Cooked: Jim Harrison

A Huge Hunger in Paris

**A billion bucks down the drain because
this nitwit won't go into the kitchen**

IT IS INTERESTING to note that I have lost three pounds during a diet that began in 1970—a little over two ounces a year, and this without cheating on the scales, shedding clothes, or purposely dehydrating myself by avoiding alcohol and ignoring such salty necessities as herring, headcheese, and aged Asiago. How did I accomplish this long-term weight loss? Short, poorly couched as the sort that results by means does battle with the resolution that results more than 90 percent of such diets. I also cannot ignore the thousands of hours of unexcused brutal exercise, the five figures spent on clothes and a wall of diet books, and another thousand hours in the rigor of meditation, thinking about that controlled digestion. No kudos, plaques, or trophies need be afforded. Such successes give the soul the greatest of managers, and that is quiet enough. If my left capillary holds, I will lose another two and one-half pounds before that final big diet in the day—or more likely, the really big diet in the earth. I only offer this in encouragement for others who may have faltered on the path.

But how much can you do with negativity and self-delusion in a nation struggling for its soul against legions of politically correct devils in high and low places, where the simplest notions of vigor, humor, and substance are scorned and proscribed? I'm not sure.

This seems much less true in France, though I have no authority to say so, and even the wisest agent of the CIA is occasionally guilty of costly error with other countries. Maybe the French, like the Arabs, are largely misunderstood. If you mention to an American intellectual that your books are doing well in France, he'll invariably tell you that the French love Jerry Lewis. This may be so, though in a half-dozen trips I've never heard anyone mention the man. If one were a ruffian, smacking intellectuals like Ron Kovic, it would be fun to hire Lewis to shadow vacationing American intellectuals in Paris. Just when these smart folks were fixing they were having an

aesthetic experience with a brisole, old Jerry could dash out of an alley and push a sack of dog shit on their table. That sort of thing. One could think of dozens of such perils.

On a recent book tour of France I felt somewhat over-precious. I normally keep myself free from such experiences by making to a few bookstores in our hemisphere. In fact, I can't think of a public appearance I care for except in restaurants and an amazingly small number of bars. It is pleasant to be appreciated and understood, but the experience is not up there with Mozart, sex, or fine food, watching a big fish, burrowing caterpillars, stomping on oleos, or catching a giant black bear feed on wild strawberries and health pea. I like to think this is best because I am a shy individualist more than I am aware of the captiveness of literary history, in which the best attempts to arrange a reputation inevitably come to a glacial end. Vices won by anything but the work itself are of short duration. The only truly viable publicity stunt for a writer is suicide, profitable for your heirs but no good at all if you're planning to open trout streams next year.

Paris offers a number of bombing experiences, primary among them her beauty and food. Perhaps our failures allow us to accept that a city must be ugly. We have some nice moments in San Francisco and Seattle but nothing on the scale of Paris. Architectural history is an area in which it is difficult to figure out where we were wrong, other than that a nation hell-bent on the fat back doesn't offer itself many aesthetic considerations. Why don't you go read a book about it? If I knew everything, some snark might throw dog yards at my square da ass. (There never seemed to be any goats in eating a brisole, which is the moral equivalent of a club sandwich or pasta salad.)

Back to Paris and Lyon, and the train between them that goes two hundred miles an hour, a speed that alternately awes and frightens. Whether this quickly bigger could successfully break through a hard of Heloise and Clarice seems to be an appropriate question. As I was I had dinner at La Mère Brazier, which included a couple of cups of wine and a bottle of Beau dom-don with slices of truffle stuffed up under the thigh skin, chestnut, fruit, and lots of Côte de Boissac. Now, this was not an elaborate meal, but it left all but a few others in my life flicking down toward the bottom. Frankly, it was a mystery why it was so superb. Another of the top meals of my life was homemade but Lyonnais in origin—a salad de béton, an elaborate woodcock preparation from a Bocuse cookbook. I was also relieved not to see a puffer in the area

In Paris a half dozen meals were remarkable and two, at Le Restaurant and Aux Pins Goussiers, were well up the ladder toward Le Bœuf Reveau. At Le Restaurant I got a clue to an intriguing mystery. My publisher's son could cook like a cow. This was not a childish imitation but a man of good sense, and since I come from a farm family, I know what I speak. This man was carefully elegant, and I tingled with his easy thinking of the uses it could be put to its Columbia studies or the Guggenheim Museum, for instance. The man, I sensed, was above my abilities, and without staring over at me, when I began to sweat, French cooking of the highest order would be forever beyond my reach. Such cooking is nobly democratic and anti-American, in fact, and few of our critics—Andre Soltner and Alice Waters, to name two—have passed the epiphany test.

As I write this, I'm having a simple bunch of leftovers, a piece made of Swiss chard, fresh tomatoes, copious garlic, and a dash of oil and dill, some what more complicated in recipe from Middlesex, Kansas, if I recall correctly. You trim your duck legs and thighs of excess fat, clarify them with Degen press them into homemade bread crumbs, roast them slowly at low heat, make a sauce of the pan-browned bits with cider and duck stock. Anyone can do this, and it's a type of French cooking that is satisfying but sometimes less than heroic, as at several dinner tables French recipes stowed in my head all hands

After a dozen tries over the years, I can cook a Marseilles duck by percent as well as Soltner, but all the art is in the last 15 percent and at the occasion to go to Lutèce.

The other day I came across an extraordinary cookbook with the unlikely name of *Dad's Oven Cookbook*, by Bob Stone (Workman). At first it struck me as merely a primer, but on further study I decided several copies for gifts. The book assumes that you know nothing when you approach the stove, and this might sound some various but needs. We all know any number of men who can cook a venison (or their) duck or two, but outside of that they are strictly middle-class in the kitchen. "What used you, your French barbequed ribs? He's got a secret ingredient." This sort of thing, where the secret ingredient might be coarsely cracked-up or purged marmalade chermoula. Find beans, the big ol' boy because he's made some thing to eat beyond the can or sandwich.

It's not exactly *Dad's* fault. Beginner cookbooks are rare beyond the bread variety which contains nothing you might want to eat, while grown-up cookbooks frequently appear coy and presumptuous to the neophyte or to one who may have a heartier appetite. Stone covers all the basics, and beyond a few quibbles, the goods are delivered in the form of admirable recipes so your lessons are not only edifying, they are a pleasure to eat, from the Italian orange ginger roast pork to the chicken with tomato and sausage.

I suspect that the reason I was taken by the book comes from the same

not totally lighted part of my brain as do my darker thoughts about French cooking. If I had fully understood the book's contents twenty years ago, I could have saved myself a year of frustration in the kitchen, none the less program now that is, but downloaded into a trickle of occasional anger. Men are often clumsy at the stove for the ordinary reason that they are reluctant when they attack a recipe. It is something to be overcome and defeated, preferably in a straight line. It reminds me of Coore's lessons marching across Gertrude's sea only to find there was no enemy. Better by far to read a recipe at bedtime while listening to Mozart (the bulk of a newscaster will lead you astray) and read over in content during the usual busy day of work.

Obviously, women are more meticulous and the newest versions of the stress of the politically correct are especially so. Certain seasonal stereotypes are the oldest but in the closet, but they are still largely observed. Men cook even if the weather. Dad made the paper and ome because he makes some money or is simply a garden variety asshole who doesn't want to learn anything new. If he can't be the best, he'd rather watch Barry Bonds. His claim's just lower that he's among the 50 percent of sensitive divorcees that exclude directly food and unshared labor, a hundred billion bucks down the drain because this man's won't go into the kitchen.

The most frequent political question I get in Paris was: Why a Clinton flourish when he has three more years? This is the case for strength for passive just short of arrogance. The Republicans need voter coaches. As far as I know, no one but Nixon and Clinton ever learned their way back into power. When someone throws a shadow punch you don't flinch. There is the wildest suspicion that Clinton might be in some sort of cryopigger duct in their own equally dark times, Jefferson and Teddy Roosevelt would revive themselves with a glass of oysters, a bunch of venison, a cornucopia of garlic, and a cigarette or two of Bordeaux. Put on your belt, belt, and stop flinching.

HOPKINS Michael Deern's splendid new book of stories, *Working Men* (Henry Holt) *A Village in the Vineyard* (Harv, Seamus for Glavin) by Thomas Minkowski, a cool but rich look at life in a village in a French wine district ■

Jim Harrison's new book, *Judy*, will be published by Houghton Mifflin Company in November.

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Esquire

Tom Hanks

Wipes That Grin off His Face

In Jonathan Demme's *Philadelphia*, the king of romantic comedy takes on his toughest dramatic role and confronts some unsettling truths about AIDS

and studio politics
By Janet Condit

SO, TOM, ANTONIO BANDERAS asked in his heavily accented English, "you have played homosexual before in movies?" Banderas, the Spanish actor, had just finished auditioning for the part of Tom Hanks's lover in *Philadelphia*. Jonathan Demme's movie about a successful lawyer who quits his firm for being gay because he is gay and has AIDS. Script in hand, he had run through a couple of heavy scenes with Hanks for Demme and his production team. Now that the audition was over and he knew he had the part, Banderas was just making small talk.

For a moment Hanks looked surprised. "Well, Antonio," he answered, mocking the casual tone of the query. "I've actually been turning down all these great homosexual roles they keep offering me."

Banderas, who is married but played a gay part in Pedro Almodóvar's *Law of Desire* in Spain, apparently had no idea how unusual it was for him to be doing a love scene with a leading man in Hollywood.

Heartbreak: This time around, no jokes, no Meg Ryan

But seasonal it is, and thanks to being ranked as the *Nel* Anniversary of cinematic sexual exploration. An all-American hero, in the name of progress, teaches his flock to those of a few man. One small peck for Hanks, one giant step for mankind. The stakes have been made to seem sufficiently high enough that many are wondering if the star of *Spies* and *Step by Step* will blame his benevolent mentor and be forced to spread the rest of his days making workout videos. Reporters have even been asking Hanks if he considers himself brave.

The shade of Hanks as a tobacco breaker, it helps to forget that Al Pacino held up a bank to pay for his male lover's suicide operation in 1993's *Day After Tomorrow*. Hanks goes over the William Hurt extended another man in *Blue in the Face* (Hanks in 1994). "And nobody said boo," Hanks complains over lunch at a Santa Monica cafe near his home. "He's leading a full available because Philadelphia hasn't even arrived in theaters yet and already reporters are hounding him with questions. A career killer." What, after Sherman McCoy? "Hank even won an Academy Award for playing a homosexual," continues Hanks, skewering an anchovy in his Caesar salad as though it might be a film critic. "Hey, man, he loved Rud Jula."

But that was then and this is 1995. Besides, wasn't *Rin of the Spies: Women on an Island*? This is shaping up to be a landmark year in queer history. David Geffen and L.L. Cool J. are coming out. *Erasmus* made the covers of *New York* and *Nesweek*, and gays in the military was a subject of national debate. LBJ had his lovechild and Morgan Tuckard dated on *Baywatch*, and a pair of laborably built ex-masters named to Caddy, Alaska, and became the hottest couple on TV. It's also the year HBO—like half a decade, one network rejection, and some television rewrites—aired *And the Band Played On*, its

star-studded adaptation of Randy Shilts's book about the early days of the AIDS epidemic.

"Something has happened in our whole culture within the last year with regard to gay issues," says Michelangelo Signorile, author of *Queer in America*. "It's become safe—less risk and fashionable. It's become the cause to champion."

Well, Hanks's biggest motivation was ultimately not what it said about the history of the epidemic—although it parroted, as if it had been the Reagan administration's slow response—who was it said about Hollywood. One of the dozens of famous actors who crapped up in career roles, one film producer says, not one signed on until Richard Gere left his star power to the project. AIDS fatalities, it seems, remains something more easily indulged of others.

So, no surprise, then, that Philadelphia is being regarded as something of a test case. It is not enough, in 1995, for the movie to be an intelligent and moving portrayal of a gay man in the light of his life. It must be an enlightening and moving portrayal of a gay man in the light of his life that also makes a ton of money. "We're not talking morality here, we're talking bottom line," says Shilts, whose first book, *The Magic of Germ Street*, has been an development for eleven and a half years and is now once again on the brink of being made by Warner Brothers. "If they add a lot of tickets and millions of people go to see it, then things will really begin to change."

In a sense, the making of Philadelphia is already a test case for many gay activists who were outraged that *Stigma's* last film, *The Silence of the Lambs*, excluded a cross-dressing serial killer. The portrayal prompted an Oscar-night demonstration by the mil-

lial group *Queer Nation*. There is also the less-than-happy memory of the last time Hollywood presented to deliver a big picture about homosexuality. "I remember when *Milking Money* was supposed to be a breakthrough," says Shilts, referring to the tight bomb about a romantic triangle between Harry Hamlin, Michael O'Keefe, and Kate Jackson. "It was such a big flop, it was cited as a sign that gay movies couldn't make money." A more obvious explanation is that it was just a lousy movie.

"It gets very frustrating when the only choices are as outsiders and outsiders," says Michael Gelf, editor of *Out*, a gay and lesbian magazine. "You have a whole constituency for whom there are so few representative characters." Gelf, though, does see some evidence for hope. "Look how long it took blues to break into Hollywood," he notes. "In the beginning, they were only cast as maids and butlers." Over the years, he says, "gays were first breadwinners and people who worked in pet stores, then they were cross-dressers in *Mel Brooks* movies, and now the race neighbors" in such recent films as *The Prince of Tides*, *Single White Female*, and *Penetration* and *Johnny*.

For all the red ribbons and Oscar nominations and all the time and money some stars and studios devote have personally donated to AIDS causes, Hollywood has not been willing to make the same gesture artistically and thus its talent in making movies that combat the epidemic and provide accurate info about AIDS (of course, given the quality of most straight newsreels, perhaps we should be grateful). Other than *Language Composed*, a 1990 movie that was originally produced by PBS and had a limited run in art houses, there have been only a

handful of weak, independent films about AIDS since the epidemic began three years ago.

With a steady riding on his performance, it's no wonder Hanks is ready for all the "Gems" being piled on Philadelphia. "In some ways we've all been waiting for mainstream Hollywood to somehow deal with it," he cautions cautiously, making his hand through his hair, which is noticeably shorter than in any of his previous roles. "But you don't get credit for being first if you don't get it right. It's got to be done in real human terms. Otherwise it's like saying, 'Let's give NBC credit for doing the first David Koresh movie.'"

Hanks, who aggressively pursued the role of the gay lawyer Andrew Beckett after reading the script, believed the movie Hollywood hasn't gotten around to making a popular film on the order of Philadelphia before isn't simply as reluctant to deal with AIDS. He points out that *An Early Start*, starring Austin Quinn, was a disaster-of-the-week movie on NBC as long ago as 1985. "The gender star that's wrapped up in the fact that it took so long to make a big-budget movie that has AIDS is the story line somewhere," Hanks says, "in the same reason the subject matter was so obviously ignored by CBS and *The New York Times*."

As this point Hanks, who, like most corners, wears his cynicism like body armor, is beginning to sound about his nation. "The biggest story line is something that is dealt with in the movie. In the opening sequence of the trial, Donald Washington [who plays Hanks's attorney] says that case is really about the fear and loathing we have for homosexuals. That's what it comes down to. We fear them or we loathe them. One of the two either way or both. But the last thing we want to do is pay any attention to them." "Every-one at the table now to us has stopped caring."

DID SOME NEVER EVEN CONSIDER hiring a gay actor to play Beckett, but even if he is not a role, he says. "In this climate of repression there aren't a lot of famous gay actors campaigning for gay parts." There are gay actors in the film but in straight roles, just as there are HIV-positive people playing uninfected characters. Demme seemed tired on doing research for *The Silence of the Lambs*. He enlisted the help of ACT UP and Aconet/AIDS in making the movie and gave walk-on parts to a number of prominent gay figures, including Thomas B. Stoddard, a leading gay rights advocate who also helped prepare the script.

The movie stops short of showing any sex scenes, and away as the gay community may find its portrayal of the two lovers as tame as a *Twilight Zone* romance. "It's a little disappointing. The better or for worse, it's not about the ups and downs of Tom's romantic relationship," says Ed Saxon, a producer who has worked on several of Demme's films. "This is not a romance, but neither do we shy away from showing the real love between Tom's and Andrew's characters."

While it is standard for studio executives to pick apart a movie during shooting and to provide reams of notes with suggested changes, Philadelphia ran into surprisingly little trouble, considering the controversial subject matter. "Movie executives always tend to suggest things because they're subtle," says screenwriter Ben Bywater. "But these were more direct notes along the lines of, 'Don't let Tom and his boyfriend lose.' In fact, he says, the greatest number of suggestions came from people overly sensitive to the gay community.

Toward the end of production, for instance, Bywater was told to report to the office of Mike Meloyne, the inspec-



Tip: Robin Wright plays Beckett's woman until Hanks's character is properly fitted for having AIDS. Above: Demme pondering the script.



Demme (left) and the star on location in Philadelphia. Hanks plays the gay part as a bartended-down professional—but loose.



Hanks and Donald Washington, who plays his lawyer, Mary Sternburg and Chris Behrman in defense attorneys.

Philadelphia's Fire

A primer on Jonathan Demme's controversial courtroom drama, Hollywood's first big-budget movie about AIDS and homosexuality in America



From left: Hanks as Andrew Beckett, with Joan Roberts, Renold Harten, and Charles Clois, who play the colleagues at a high-powered law firm.

dams of TriStar, to receive Medway's notes on the movie. "This is usually where they try to convince the writer to convince the director to do things they are afraid to say to the director," explains Nywissen, who approached the meeting with understandable trepidation. He walked in and Medway, motioning him toward a chair, had only one thing to tell him. "None," he said solemnly, "there is a whole generation being hit by this disease, and your movie has to tell the whole world that." Nywissen promised to make a note of it.

There was one particular scene, however, that did prompt studio executives right up until the end. It is a bar in which Hank is attempting to seduce, for the benefit of David Washington, a favorite artsy song by Maria Callas. It is the one moment in the film when Hank's character, carried away by his love for the music, goes away his power seat and his professional dignity and allows himself to be openly gay. Washington's reaction is usually to be disconcerted when faced with that display of emotion but then to be completely won over. It is one of the dramatic scenes in the film, the moment when their friendship is finally cemented.

No one liked it. "On the page, scenes like that make studio executives nervous," recalls Nywissen, laughing. "I made people uncomfortable all the way through. People thought it was too over-the-top to make a gay man like open. Other scenes said Hank was acting too weird, which I took as a subtext for too gay. We'd always get to that note, and Jonathan and I would say we loved it. So it stayed in. Now it's everyone's favorite scene in the movie."

The one thing the studio is clearly banking on is Hank's ability to bring the same winning charm to this role that he has to most of his others. "There is a tremendous likability about him that is very helpful in allowing the audience into his character," explains TriStar executive Mike Platz, who had wanted to the Philadelphia project since he was head of production at Orion. "This is a guy you like whether he's gay or straight, sick or healthy."

If Hank suspects the studio may be using him to help make its movie more palatable to ticket buyers, he doesn't seem concerned. "It's not threatening at all to anyone," he says. "So maybe this makes me the most beautiful, perfect casting for this because no one has any issues to fear or loathe us. And look, if Murray Abramson named a dove,"



Taboo breaker: In 1993, does it constitute hetero to play a gay man with AIDS in a Hollywood movie?

THE ONE THING DENISE and Nywissen promised themselves when they began work on Philadelphia back in 1988 was that the movie would not be preachy. "We had to go through a couple of drafts before we could get away from that," says Denise. "We both had loved ones who were fighting AIDS, and we brought out enough scenes and too many opinions to it. Over time, the more we backed off and requested the insensitivity of others not to our assistance the better it got."

The initial idea for the movie had been Deanna's. Her close friend Juan Suarez Botta had confided in her that he had AIDS. Botta had attended Spactrac with Denise's wife and was one of her best friends. During his illness, Botta and Denise began work on a documentary about his AIDS treatment group. Botta died in August 1991 at age thirty-four, and Denise has overseen the documentary's completion.

When Denise contacted Nywissen—a screenwriter who had worked with him on *Living With*—and asked him to collaborate on an AIDS movie, Nywissen immediately said yes. Nywissen, who is gay, had an eighteen-year-old nephew, Kevin, who had just been diagnosed with AIDS. Kevin died in June of 1991. Kevin's parents, as well as several patients who were in Botta's treatment group, appear in the movie.

Both Denise and Nywissen maintain that Hollywood's AIDS phobia is not necessarily a product of homophobia; AIDS is a subject matter, after all, as unsexual to most anything that could justifiably be called entertainment. "I think Hollywood is appropriately reluctant to make movies about subjects that are unpleasant," says Nywissen with a grim laugh.

Hollywood probably would have continued to dog its feet had it been anyone other than Denise, Botta, and such names from *The Silence of the Lambs* guiding the script. "Denise is the only director brave enough in this point in his career to do a film like that," says author David Levitas. Levitas' own AIDS-related legal drama—written with John Schlesinger, one of the few openly gay directors in Hollywood—has been in development for four years (Levitas is no longer with that project). "Denise just won five Oscars," says Levitas. "In Hollywood, you are as powerful as your last film. He could have done anything he wanted."

Denise, for his part,



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Tom Hanks would never presume to tell anyone how to live.

argues that finding a story with "universal appeal" was the decisive factor. It is the same reason he believes that even if Philadelphia is a success, it will not spawn a sudden succession of AIDS movies. "There isn't one great script about AIDS or gay characters gathering dust on anybody's shelf," he says. "When the director makes a second movie to be a glossy dramatization of what WHO's blue. Plus more closely refers to us as 'points of access' for individuals not in contact with the gay community and this disease." Plus, suggested that the character of Joe Miller, the slightly shady, decidedly homophobic lawyer Beckett hires to take his employers to court, be brought forward and greatly expanded. By doing so, Philadelphia falls onto a more familiar formula, a kind of unconventional buddy movie. The central focus is now the odd coupling of the gay client, Hanks, and his straight lawyer, Washington, and their battle against the bad guys, in this case a big, slick Philadelphia law firm.

No one traveled in Philadelphia from the filmmaker to the studio executives, to under any illusions about how hard it will be to sell an AIDS movie to a country filled with large and sometimes homophobic pockets of homophobia. "We know from the beginning that the studio would like there to be a straight character in the picture," says producer Steiner. "In part so the picture would find a wider audience, and in part to give people the feeling that their point of view was represented, including people who don't like homosexuals."

"I didn't want to scare off investors, I wanted to pull them in," says Steiner, a trifle defensively. He says he was open to any suggestion that would help broaden the appeal of the movie, which he says he conceived from the start as being in the tradition of the successfully popular *Tomb of the Unknown*. "In America, men are taught to be afraid of being sensitive or open to other males who are gay. It's hard for us to go to the box office with our girlfriends to see a movie about two men being affectionate."

The character of Joe Miller, who begins by asserting that he doesn't know any homosexuals and that, if he did, he wouldn't like them, does not emerge at the end of the film as changed man. "He's not going to be the grand marshal of any gay pride parade," says Donald Washington with a laugh. "He didn't want a subplot, something so successful ending because that ain't the way it is." Washington is unfazed by the possibility that his homophobic character might end up inspiring protest from groups like Queer Nation. "We seen and heard it all," says the star of Spike Lee's *Mulisha*. "Besides, who else can discuss men?"

While most of the straight audience is expected to identify with Miller, it was crucial that Beckett be seen as a complex character who is many things, only one of which is gay. "I am a screwdriver, I love dogs, I garden, I work out, and, oh, yes, I am also gay," says Myrowan, adding that the filmmaker struggled for years with the question of how explicitly gay to make the character appear. In the end, they decided that because Beckett was a successful, heterosexual lawyer, he would probably pass as straight to most of his colleagues. They fully expect to catch some flak from the more militant gay groups for making the movie's hero a closeted gay, at least at the outset of the film.

"As with any movie with a gay character, the gay commu-

nity feels that they own it," says Myrowan. "The burden that comes with that is that everyone wants to say everything about being gay and having AIDS. This is a particular gay person, and there may be some gay people who feel that what they see is not them. They may not be as outrageous. They may not wear *American* jeans. They may have problems with the fact that his character is not real political. But for Beckett, this is a personal crusade."

HANKS IS DEFTLY MANEUVERING his Dodge Caravan through Los Angeles traffic. He is wearing jeans, a white button-down shirt, and the kind of Joe Cool reflection shades that were popular about six years ago. He is thirty-six, but he looks like a college kid. We are on a house tour of sorts—he owned three all at one time—and as he parks our one modest bungalow after another, he recounts his own hellish life experience with her occasional democracy. He married at age twenty-one, had two children in short order, and woke up one day to the depressing realization that he had managed to repeat all the same mistakes of his much-married parents. Undone, the man took three houses and at least six mistresses. He has since divorced, and in 1988 he married screen Rose Wilson, with whom he has a son, Chester, who is three.

As Hanks suavely perls away from a prosperous split-level home with a security gate—he bought it, but his marriage broke up before he moved in—he guided our tour on an unscripted detour. Though Hanks is not one for any prying, he preface his life for public consumption, he obviously attends this little trip to reveal more than the shortcomings of Los Angeles architecture. He's made it plain enough: His life hasn't been idyllic, and after what he's been through, he would never presume to tell anyone how to live. It's not that he's especially enlightened when it comes to either the heterosexual or the homosexual way of life. It's just that he's a big believer in "the concept of tolerance in America."

Steiner figures that he was probably as much of a closet homosexual as the next guy. He used to get annoyed like everyone else when he would get hit on in the subways in New York. "No, thank you. I would love to come to your party at the edge of the park on West Broadway, but I am married to a woman." He knows his pique. He cautions that it would be a mistake to make too much out of the fact that he comes from the Bay Area. Oakland to be exact. "When I was growing up outside San Francisco, I was probably at my most naive," he says. "I was shocked, occasionally, to find out that one of my high school teachers was gay. Really, you're kidding me, Smith?"

He is one of those people who is always meeting people and adding one layer to what they are gay. In one layer, he will mention himself as a "homosexual coming boy" and announce as the uncertain voice of a tall-shoed giant, "I will tell you quite frankly that I have never had sex with a man," and in the next, mention close friends who are gay, including the godfathers of his two sons. The edge in his behavior makes it clear he doesn't want to be categorized for his good looks.

*Not his real name.

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"What kind of hell would break loose if I had no red ribbon?"

tion. To him it was just an opportunity—a good script and a great director. Besides, he'd already spent two years on Steve Fiedler playing a man in women's clothing.

Hanks is also eager to break out of the sappy romance genre he has been doing since *Steel Dawn* made him a star some ten years ago. "I have spent voluminous amounts of time discussing the philosophical aspects of where I am, what I want to do, the nature of being a power in the industry being a comedy living someone's having control... and about the fact that I don't want to play passive spouses," he says, referring derisively to a string of movies in which he starred as the ordinary gay in extraordinary circumstances.

"The roots that I have in acting are that I'll play anything. When I was in *Empire State* in the late Seventies that was the great thing, and I worked in it." For a change of pace, he is planning to play Forest Gump in Robert Zemeckis's adaptation of the Winston Groom novel about a Vietnam veteran who is sent to Miss.

Hanks finds that acting is acting, politics is politics, and never the twain shall meet. This conviction has led him to rebuff the many gay organizations that have asked him to become involved. He is rarely an actor; he has told them. Indecent just what he is up against. Hanks brings up the whole question of the red AIDS ribbons.

"Can you imagine what kind of hell would break loose if I went everywhere in a tuxedo and had no ribbon?" wonders Hanks, who was handed one backstage at the Oscars last year just before presenting an award. "What would happen? I think about that. Do you know they have creative meet! And get out themselves!"

Hanks prepared for the role by reading a lot of gay literature, including the memoirs of Paul Monette. He made no attempt to study "the homosexual behavior" by hanging out in leather bars. After all, it's not as if he was trying to depict the behavior of the disk-billed playboy. "Like I don't know any gay guys?" He points out that in short response, the character of Andrew Beckett, a young, urban professional, is much closer to his experience than it is that of, say, Jimmy Dugan, the laid, alcoholic, sobersooning coach in *A League of Their Own*.

But there were very specific issues having to do with the emotional impact of AIDS that he wanted to get right. "One of the things I talked about with Jonathan is that we were not dealing with people's understanding of AIDS from the first days," says Hanks. "My character has not been to those memorial services for friends of his who have died, he's been to three hundred. What happens is you're a dick."

In addition to steering his performance—the last thirty pounds he had lost here—Hanks also talked to a number of friends with AIDS, and friends of friends, and people whose members of the crew knew. In the end, he had more names than he had time to talk to. "I found myself asking painfully blunt questions," recalls Hanks. "Asking someone how they felt when they found out they had AIDS is unnecessary to saying, 'How did you feel when your baby drowned in the backyard?' And almost to a man these guys were very forthcoming.

They said things like, 'I did what you'd expect. I looked out the window and said, "This is the last one I'll see dead." You couldn't help but identify and think, 'F---, yo, that's what I'd think about.'"

He also tried to explore "the essence of being gay," the question of when a gay man's burgeoning sexuality becomes apparent to him. "Except for occasionally tap people who had partners that smoked pot and always knew they were gay, they all came to terms with it about the same time I came to terms with my own," says Hanks. "About the time I finally got laid and felt that I wasn't an idiot with the opposite sex was about the time most of these guys figured out who they were. I was surprised by how often I had things in common with guys who were supposed to be so incredibly different." He also came away with the impression that everyone he had spoken to wanted him to be "gay without compromise," says Hanks. "They wanted it to be as real as possible."

Nyquist thinks Hanks's performance rings true. "I never saw him do anything that was signaling to the audience that he was supposed to be a gay person," says Nyquist. "There was no wince thing or lip thing. The only thing I noticed was that he was very physically kind, he didn't have the usual stiffness to him."

There was only one scene in which Hanks alludes to suffering a twinge of doubt: "[Arzoo and I] are lying on the bed. I was handed up the way you have to be when you are always fighting the cold. We are just lying in bed, essentially having pillow talk, and I'm kind of caressing him, like this," says Hanks, demonstrating by almost imperceptibly touching his thigh. He glances over his shoulder in an exaggerated gesture of concern that someone might be watching. "There was only one camera move and we probably did it twenty times," he recalls. "At one point, after five or six takes, Arzoo leans over and says to me, 'Look, you know, I can feel you. I know you are being sensitive, just do whatever you want to do because we know who we are.' Hanks laughs and shakes his head. "I had all this level of trust in it. 'Whoa, here we are in bed, having pillow talk,' and without even knowing it I'd built up all these walls. But when he said, 'Look, just please do what you want to do because we know who we are,' after that it went great."

MOST OF THE GAY OPINION makers I talked to said they expect Philadelphia to get a warm reception, at least based on word of mouth and any number of early scripts that have been passed around. "The larger gay community, beyond the activists, will receive it well because they are so starved for images," says Signorile. "Just for the average straighter who is closed to see this movie will do a world of good."

"This is a step forward," agrees Goff. "But thirteen years into the epidemic, one movie isn't going to appease people." What many gay activists (continued on page 140)

Backbreaker: The movie's big question—will AIDS sell?



Little England

The further decline

SUN THIS IS MY COUNTRY

and total collapse

SHAME ON YOU, CHARLES!

of the British Empire

GOD HELP THE QUEEN!

BY RICHARD BEN CRAMER

AS THE QUEEN sometimes points out (when she must say something at Commonwealth state wars), it is the pleasing consequence of colonization that nations have families just as people do. And it is the happy accident of our own successful adolescent rebellion that we, Americans, have been able to view Mother England in the posture of independent sons. But as in all families lucky enough to have parents who grow old, three scores a morener-startling, still, for all its predictability—when we talk we see with sudden sadness that the old lady is not as the was. Her 60 has paled up around the eyes, well—infirmary. Sadder yet, she has given up, sadly. She doesn't expect to be "good as new" in a couple of weeks, or even a couple of years.

If it's years, indeed, since we've seen her, the shock is worse—she's so depressed. Mother England, we report to our London back home, appears nothing like she can only complain. To our horror, she's become that woman on the TV ad, wailing tearfully into her make-up artist's bag.

"The pills and the cage up!"

HOW DOES BRITAIN DECLINE? LET US COUNT THE ways. Here are just a few headlines, culled from a dusty bin of tabloids after one more visit. The Queen decided to celebrate forty years-to-the-day since her coronation without pomp at any kind of Pendergast's are high; she just went to the zoo! A grateful nation responded with felicitous on getting rid of the monarchy, the BBC staged a TV "trial" with witnesses and lawyers arguing

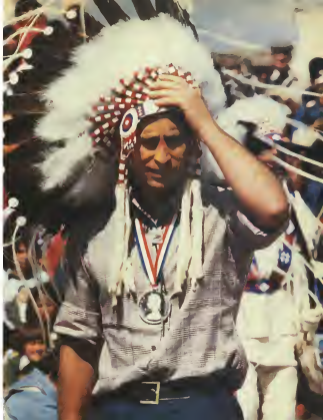
whether her family firm should survive, newspapers marked the day with pollux sections (40 CLOSURE YEARS!) lamenting how Britain had fallen during her reign—and suggesting that if she hadn't been such a perfect queen, she might not have been such a rotten mother.

Exhibit A, on the rotten-mother charge, Prince Charles began his "rehabilitation." He stayed away from his parents, Mrs. Camilla Parker-Bowles, and devoted himself to writing unpopular views on ecology. It transpired in mid-1984, however, that the heir to Saint Edward's crown crossed to both Camilla only when threatened with a thrashing by her dad (CHARLES IN TROUBLE). His own dad, meantime, showed due sensitivity first as the groom when he made a Royal visit to Luskatha, Scotland—where a bomb-blinded Patsy Ann had raised fiery death upon the town. The Duke of Edinburgh (WILLIE'S CLASSIC!) said he thought water damage was always the worst. That's what they'd found at Windsor—such a mess!

Of course, a healthy royalty requires an aristocracy over which to reign, else no help there. The summer's notable wedding (Princess Di's impromptu, the widow Raine Spencer, married the French Count de Chambrai) might, in some other age, have sparked a warm glow of happy proof, or at least pretty pictures. In this case, wedding coverage was overshadowed by a sequester scandalization (SHAME A ROOM!) denuding Raine's horrid honor and Diana's hat for her. This scandalization, in turn, was interrupted by four-page coverage of Raine's new count's French mistress (AND HE STILL LOVES US!) and trumped, anyway, on a roof from page by the 33D losses of the poor star who reared the count's children so late she was with three men on



LITTLE ON PINKIE: Is this as close as Charles will come to wearing the crown?



1 Of course, everything, for day in the company of the night French people, some headlines during which her arrival in London appeared from the side. She was photographed leaving her seat next to her "intended father." The daughter Anne, dressed in black, looked out and seemed a more necessary. In her own mind, her Charles, was married as a kind of secret gift to the world, from which he departed, and was equal to the day before leaving himself as a "Thompson" in the room. In the night, the Duke, apparently, was not, although she was found to "smell" the "smell" of her own by a "millionaire" and eyes. Buckingham Palace, in any case, says that the Queen's children are "good" as in a "different" more with a "benefit" of "hours."

washing regimens (now discarded), smeared bobbies on the beat (now "looking up" with bazooka and gas), those darling and phone booths (replaced by cheap glass boxes)—but to the England where the English have to live (Britain, for God's sake, offered to send free food) . . . and beyond, to the nation's idea of itself. It's in the air, each night at eleven, when the closing gulls discharge their passions, when prosperity pass all over the moors, leaving the smell of a modern man's room—midnight spread with aggression. A four-man band in Yorkshire fill into the sea when its bit of coastline washed away—the land itself is shrinking. The tide of vice has washed onto Britain's symbols of excellence—Rolls-Royce had to be reorganized, the QEs men agreed—and deepens something in every humble day in the tube, where the trains are infrequent and gritty, in the pubs, where the brewers have watered the beer to avoid a new alcohol tax, in a twenty-dollar Brown's Hotel sea, which arrives with a dirty cup. Insufficiency has altered not just the workplace but the nation's obsessions. It has invaded the seaside resorts (the beggars of Brighton will tease you if you don't peep up) . . . and the movies (the most respected films are grim slices of sordid life in gritty urban moonscapes, the newest, now being talked up, is *Sleeping*, which depicts young people who steal cars and smash them

through store windows so they can lose the goods) . . . and then, too, of course, there is sport.

But English sport is a misery to transcendental that cannot be treated with mere words of man. Only Art of God can explain, for instance, England's soccer loss to America. It should only be noted here, it was that soccer match that spurred the headline that spoke for the Queen, her son, her nation, her judges, for England's politicians, her government, an anniversary for the westerners in British industry, for Lloyd's losers, for state holders—for all the millions of Mother England: we can't eat ANY LEAVES.

HUCK OFF AND BE: He (see reacted to his critics; the Princess started looking around.



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THIS IS WHETHER WE AMERICANS put company with Mother. If America should suffer the same sort of flood of bad news—well, of course, there'd be more. But there'd also be a traffic jam of self-appointed saviors on their way to TV studios to offer themselves. How? Politics? We'll run this hoop around—in our world. That, they might be unable, or charitable, or credulous—but there's nothing we Americans think we can't fix. We'll just invent it, make it ours—as we make ourselves over, as many times as we think fit—because we are, at any given moment, whatever we say we are.

So I hope after the English. Why do you put like? Why doesn't someone—just once—thank *you*? Why not ask, for instance, How do we build for Britain the world's greatest mind? (They agree, instead, about saving the cheap dry gas for the persons.) Even their arguments are shrinking. I wish I didn't somebody stop up and shake the country all in such order!

Let's put it up for a while—namely, Americans hope I thought Mother was worth a fight. England, for better or worse, stuffed its furniture in our colonial state. It's alive somewhere in our nerves. Not Shakespeare—that's high school, too late—but Dickens, maybe, the Beatles, surely, its soldiers in red coats. Robin Hood, Mick Jagger, Mother Goose... Pray, pray, where have you been? I've been in London as in the Queen... Like aging Catholics, we find out someone. They get you early, they get you good.

But after a couple of weeks in London, I need to avoid the small, snail-like pace. I see such a robe, real Englishers were embarrassed for me... like the author who came out to dinner one night, whose sophisticated attitude I was that propelled as past a early retiree I into London's most successful restaurant—Dillon's, it's said... I said something warm about the Queen's "Amenia Horrida" speech—great writing. That Latin phrase linked her with every glorious empire—back to the Caesars? Then I saw the smile. You really have bought the whole thing? I didn't see how again. Dadon will be the last thing to go from their nerves.

RICHARD BRANSON HAS AN IDEA. The Virgin Companies have put into practice a job-sharing scheme that generated profits (and created 10 new jobs) in madchester. The idea is simple: Employees may choose to work for nine months a year, but just coming out of school automatically stay on a nine-month work-year, which replicates their school-year rhythm and makes a place for other young hires.

It's not earthshaking, but it comes next to nothing. And it's more than Britain's governments have come up with for fifteen years.

Why should anyone listen to Branson?

Well, because he is the only Branson his generation who has made a pile in business and managed not to be admired. He is the one name that always comes up when people are asked who has built something new in Britain. He didn't make his millions in the time-tested English way, riding the rise in property and rents, nor did he cook in like the Thatcher-era rich men who jacked up some company with leveraged debt, then sold off the engine, horns, and hubcaps for profit. He made it up—like a Ted Turner, a Steve Jobs, a Bill Gates—you could say. In fact, he's the only man who has built an American story in Britain.

Starting twenty years ago—from nothing (save for one record cover and a tape of one wireless tune called "Tah-lar-Bell")—Richard Branson built Virgin Records into the sixth largest label in the world. Record money faded his state-up affairs, Virgin Atlantic, with which he has famously blundered. Always? by his own. Last April Virgin Radio burst onto the air and started making losses from the BBC's Radio One. And Virgin Retail Megastores spread—a British business that people in other countries actually like and buy from.

Branson has become the fifthmost richest man in England. He's a youngish forty-three, handsome in a practical way. He is the number one answer when British males under forty are asked who they would like to be. In America, Branson would be a fore-runner for president. In Britain, Mrs. Thatcher once tried to make him head of an anti-ster campaign. He wasn't interested in later, he didn't like Mrs. Thatcher. So he walked. And that is the full history of his presence in Britain's public life.

The political system here is rigid to exclude women. In order to run anything in Britain's government, you've got to be a member of Parliament. If you're poor, massive, desperate and clueless and trying to fill a job all you can do is turn round from your seat in Parliament and choose from the some three hundred scholars you've been having lunch with for the last ten years. It's like trying to run a country with your high school class... and it's a small high school. (In fact, there is a small high school named after that pretty much fills this bill.)

Anyway, there's no going to be any hero who bends his national will—because someone will, it's awfully pushy. And pushing yourself to some new innovation—say, a businessman who takes to the airwaves to tell his country a dozen) have to ask, not only (England) is he able to do it, but would he just... not get (England) a he does not—idea? The fact is, innovation went out of vogue here a few hundred years ago. The fact is, in Britain you will spend your whole life with a career after your name and after that career comes a phase or fact by which you are known, and if that phase is not attached to you at birth, it will likely be supplied by the school you attend, or by some fledgling (and embarrassing) step you made early in your career—like it's always the most embarrassing and redemptive fact that attends Prince Charles—if he ever becomes king, if he should reign for fifty years and send Branson to the moon, if he should by magical wave of his scepter restore the Empire and its happiness to be known for that as he will not be known as the first English monarch who went to school the [continued on page 142]



What kind of guy are you?

- A. Sensitive
- B. Regular
- C. Rough
- D. All of the above

(If you answered D, keep reading.)

The Shaver



Finally, there's a men's shaver that treats a man the way he wants to be treated—vender when he wants to be tender, and tough when he needs to be tough. The Wahl Custom Shave System™. With three interchangeable foils, Sensitive, Close and Super Close, this is one shaver that can truly promise a custom shave.

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grooms sideburns and mustache. When you buy your man a Wahl Custom Shave System™ it's comforting to know that, tender or tough, he'll be getting a perfect shave every time.

Wahl Custom Shave System™
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The Shaver of Choice™

OUT OF THE WOODS

There's nothing like a pistol, a dead body,
and a girl with a blond wig to bring
a man closer to his in-laws

BY CHRIS OFFUTT

GERALD OPENED HIS front door at dawn, wearing only a quickly drawn-on pair of pants. His wife's brothers stood in the ground fog that filtered along the ridge. The oldest brother had become funny spokesman after the father's death, and Gerald waited for him to speak. The mouth

as was still loose, but everything had to filter through a man.

"It's Ory," the oldest one said. "He got shot and is in the hospital. Somebody's got to look him up."
The four brothers looked at Gerald from below their eye brows. Going after Ory wasn't a chore anyone wanted, and Gerald was now to the family—married to Kay, the only sister. He still needed to prove his worth. If he brought Ory home, maybe they'd cut the barrier that kept him on the edge of things. Like he was nothing but a third or fourth cousin.

"Where's he at?" Gerald said.
"Wilcox, Nebraska. Ory and it's out by Omaha. Best a would take two days but was easy to find."

"My rig won't make it."
"You can take the old Ford. We'll run it down today."
"Who shot him?"

The oldest brother flashed him a sweat-soaked. The rest went back to looking down, as if they were carpenters gauging the amount of linoleum needed for a job.
"Some woman," the oldest brother said.

Kay's face turned red. She began to cry. The brothers left, and Gerald sat on the couch to wait Kay out. She hugged her knees and let a thousand, gasping in a throaty way that reminded him of the sounds she made in bed. He reached for her. She closed her hand from his hand, then allowed his touch.

"Hasn't anything never made sense," Kay said. "The hadn't done nothing and nobody was after him. He didn't call a soul why just up and went. He was years come full."

"I'll go get him," he whispered.
"You don't care no?"
"No."
"For him?"
"For you."
She struggled against him, her damp face pressed to his

neck. She was trying to slide the side. He opened the front and she pushed against his leg. He leaned back, resting his hands over her backside. It was smooth and warm as an egg.

The next day he left in the black pickup. Gerald was thirty-five years old and had never been out of the country. The dogwoods and redbuds had already lost their spring color. The sun was hot. In four hours he was in Indiana, where the land was flat as a playing card. There was nowhere to hide, no safety at all. Even the sun was too bright. He didn't understand how Ory could stand such open ground.

Illness was equally flat but with less grace to it. Gerald realized that he was driving through a station, watching aging in reverse. The Illinois dirt was black as smudge, and he pulled over to examine it. The earth was moist and rich. It smelled of life. He let it trickle between his fingers, thinking of the hard clay dirt at home. He decided to stop and get some of this good dirt on the way back.

He drove all day and into the night until he'd covered most of Iowa. At a rest area, he unloaded a binocular and lay down. He was cold. Above him the stars were strewn across the sky. They seemed to be moving down, threatening to pass him against the ground. Something bright cut across the night, and he thought someone had shot at him until he realized it was a shooting star. The hills at home blocked so much sky that he'd never seen one. He lay vigilantly on the vast prairie, watching the night until feeling into sleep.

The same light of a full moon down woke him early. The sun wasn't visible, and the world seemed to glow from within in the earth. There were no birds to hear, and he could see his breath. The sun rose like a bloody eye. He drove west and left the remainder at Wilcox. He found the hospital easily. A nurse took him to a small room. Everything was white, and the walls seemed to create a small haze. He couldn't place the smell. A man wearing a white coat came into the room. The skin was dark, and he had an accent. "I am Dr. Gupta. You are with the family of Mr. Gordon?"

"Yes, he the doctor?"
"Yes." He sighed and opened a medical folder. "I'm afraid Mr. Gordon has left us."
"Done out, huh? Where so?"
"I'm afraid that is not the circumstance."



"It's not."
 "No, he had a pulmonary thromboembolism."
 "Is that American?"
 "It's afraid you will excuse me."
 Dr. Gupta left the room. Gerald wondered who the funny little man really was. He pulled open a drawer. Inside was a small mallet with a triangular head made of soft rubber, perfect for nocking. A cop came in the room and Gerald slowly closed the drawer.

"The sheriff believes you're next of kin?"
 "Gerald Marshall."
 They watched each other in the tiny room under the artificial light. Gerald didn't like eyes. They got to carry a gun, drive fast, and fight. Anybody else got thrown in the puke for doing the same thing.
 "Dr. Gupta asked me to come in," the sheriff said.
 "He really is a doctor?"
 "He's from Palestine."
 "Run out of your own, huh?"
 "Look, Mr. Gordon got a blood clot that went to his lung. He died from it."
 Gerald closed his shoes, scanned the floor for something to spit, then swallowed it. He rubbed his eyes.
 "Say he's dead."
 The sheriff nodded.

"That damn doctor ain't worth his lunk, is he?"
 "It won't be fair."
 "Son of a bitch. I drove two days straight."
 "There's some things to clear up."
 The sheriff drove him to his office, a small space with a desk and two chairs. A calendar hung from the wall. The room reminded Gerald of the hospital without the smell.

"Cry was on a man," the sheriff said. "He was drinking and vomited his car at his girlfriend's house. She wouldn't let him in, and he broke the door open. They started arguing and she shot him."
 "And he got the blood clot?"
 The sheriff nodded.

"Did he not have a job?"
 "No. And there's some money problems. He went through a fire and lost a light gear. He owed back rent at a rooming house. Plus the hospital."
 "Car had him?"
 "Did he own anything?"

"Clothes, a hat, suitcase, a lunk as pistol, a pair of boots, and a boom box."
 "Boots how?"
 "It's a big, fancy radio. Plays tapes, too."
 "What all does he own?"
 "Six hundred and forty dollars."
 "It'll be go to hell."
 Gerald stood and walked to the window. He thought of his wife and all her fancy wearing for him. Gerald didn't know what to do, but he damn sure wasn't going to call her. The family had given him a gun. He'd spent six on gas, and he'd need some for the ride back.

"Can I see him?" he said.
 "What?"
 "That woman shot him."
 The sheriff led him across the street to a ten-building road of stone. Near the caves were narrow slots to let light in. They went through heavy doors into a common room with a TV, a tennis, and a pay phone. Four cubs formed one wall. A

woman sat on a bench to one of the cells, reading a magazine. She wore an orange jumpsuit that was too long.
 "Melrose," he said. "Here's a visitor."
 The sheriff led and Gerald stood through the bars. Her hair was dark purple. One side was long and the other shaved. Each ear had several small gold hoops in a row that surrounded Gerald of a gauge for a horse. A gold ring peered her left nostril. She had a black eye. He wanted to watch her for a long time but looked at his boots instead.

"Holy," he said.
 She rolled the magazine over a table and held it to her bad eye, looking at Gerald.
 "I come to get Cry, but he's dead on me. Just thought I'd talk to you a minute."
 "I didn't kill him."
 "I know."
 "I shot him."
 "It was a blood clot killed him."
 "Do you want to screw me?"
 Gerald shook his head, his face turning red. She started to say to talk that way too young for jail. Cry had been thirty years old. Gerald suddenly realized that he would never know why Cry had left the hills.

"Let me have a cigarette," she said.
 He passed one through the bars, and she took it without reaching his hand. A chain was tamped around her wrist. She Pouch sucked, pulling two lines of smoke from her mouth into her nose. The ash was long and red. She sucked at the filter, lifting her lips to prevent them from getting burned. She blew a smoke ring. Gerald had never seen any one get so much out of one cigarette. "Was it your mother," she said. "Cry smoked mental."
 "Well?"

"What do you want?" she said.
 "I don't know. Nothing, I don't guess."
 "No other, escape out of here."
 "Don't reckon I can help you there."
 "You talk just like Cry did."
 "How come you to shoot him?"
 "We had a fight and he, like, came over drunk. He wanted something he got me, and I wouldn't give it back. He banged the lock and started staring everything up looking for it. I had a little pistol on my vanity and I, like, got it out. Melrose brushed the cigarette, and he gave her another, careful not to look at the ring in her nose. Behind her was a stainless steel toilet with a sink on top. When you washed your hands, it flushed the toilet. He thought of the gal at home with an apron hole in the floor and no sink at all.

"What was it he was wanting so bad?"
 "A wig. It was blond and he liked me to wear it. Some times I wore it in, you know bed."
 "You shot him over a wig."
 "I was scared. He kept screaming. 'Give me back my wig.' So I, you know, shot him. Just once. If I know he'd get that blood clot, I wouldn't have done it."
 Gerald wondered how old she was but didn't want to ask her by asking. He felt sorry for her. She was very pretty despite her efforts.

"He give you that eye?"
 "The cops did. They think me and Cry still dope but we ain't, no really. Nothing heavy. Just us, like, friends."
 "Why do you do that?" he said.
 "Deal."
 "No. Cut your hair and suck that thing in your nose."

SEPARATES THE MEN FROM THE BOYS



CHANEL

FOR MEN

She began yelling, "Get away from me! Get out of here!"
The sheriff came in and took Gerald outside. The sky was dark with the smell of rain. He wanted to stand there and the man swept over him, raising him by the gut. He underwent a sudden vertigo, and for a moment he didn't know where he was, only that he was two days from anything further. He didn't even know where his truck was.

"She's a hard one," the sheriff said.
"I don't want no charges pressed against her."
"That's not up to you."
"She didn't kill him."
"No, but watching people's crime. Look, there's been a big wreck on 31 and two people are coming to the hospital. They need the space. We need to get your leather-soled shoes to a funeral home."

"Can't afford it."
"The hospital's worse. It charges by the day."
"What in case I take his stuff and leave?"
"The county'll bury him."
"That'll run you how much?"
"About four hundred."
"That's all right. That's a lot of money."
The sheriff nodded.
"Tell you what. I'll tell you he can for one dollar. Use it to pay off what all he owes. Sell that long hair and his stuff."
The sheriff blinked at him.
"I'll throw in a hundred cash," Gerald said.
"You can't buy a body."
"It ain't yours to sell or mine to buy. I just want to get him home. Family wants him."

"I don't know if it's right."
"He sure is the first person to take someone else. My cousin's aunt came to us on a train after getting killed in a wreck. They set her off in the train. She was in a box."
The sheriff puffed his cheeks and blew air. He went to his office and dialed the courthouse and asked for a notary public. Half an hour later the car belonged to the city of Wichita. It was a Cadillac, and for a moment, Gerald wondered if he'd made a mistake. They were pretty good cars. The sheriff drove them to the hospital. Before leaving the car, Gerald pulled the money out and started counting a hundred.

"Keep it," the sheriff said.
"Give it to him. He has some marshall cigarettes."
"You and Ory aren't a whole lot alike, are you?"
"I never knew him that good."
"The only man I saw give money away was my daddy."
"I don't guess he was a preacher then."
"No, a farmer."
"You all worked this land?"
"It worked him right back into it."
The sheriff left the car. Gerald followed him in the hospital and signed several forms. An orderly worked in a garage with the body in a covered with a white cloth. He pushed it to an van by the emergency room. Three ambulances came into the lot and paramedics began moving the injured into the hospital. The orderlies left the garage and went to help. A man whose car stopped behind the ambulances.

"I have to talk to them," the sheriff said.
Gerald nodded, watching the ambulance given to the lawyer. Nobody was looking at him. He pushed the garage into the lot and along the side of the building. A buzzer rattled the door that covered Ory. Gerald held it down with one hand while the garage went crooked. He let go of the door and right off the garage and the wind blew the cloth away. Ory was

stretched out naked with a hole in his side. He didn't look dead, but Gerald didn't think he looked too good, either. He looked like a man with a bad hangover that he could shake by the end of the day with a little help from some beer.

Gerald dropped the tailgate of his pickup and dragged Ory into the truck. He threw his blanket over him and weighed the covers with six tools: the spade, and a coal shovel. Outside of town, he tied the blanket down with wire and lay strong and drove the rest of the day. In fifteen he stopped and lay down beside the truck. Without the blanket he was cold, but he didn't feel right about taking a look from Ory. Gerald thought about the blood on his face. Ory had asked Malone to see it, and he wondered if it had made a difference when they were in bed.

HE WORKS WITH RAIN on his back as leather. A hundred cycled high above the truck. He drove into the ring saw, thinking that he'd done everything backward. No matter when he drove, he was always aimed at the sun. After lunch about the land so the first good way to

few. At the next exit, Gerald left the entrance for a farm road and parked beneath a cottonwood beside a plowed field.
He carried the shovel over a wire fence to the field. The dirt was loose and easy to take. It would make a fine garden at home. His body took over, grateful for the labor after three days of driving. A pair of red-winged blackbirds sat on a power line, counting each other. Gerald wondered how birds learn to go with their own kind. Maybe Ory knew he was in the wrong area and that's why he wanted Malone to wear a wig. Gerald tried to imagine her with blond hair. He suddenly understood that he wanted her, had wanted her at the pillowcase. He couldn't figure why it bothered him that he had so much desire for a woman he didn't consider attractive.

He climbed in the back to balance the load, reaching the dirt in the middle. As he trampled south, he returned spring. The beds of soil-wound trees tamped pale green. Ploets of marjams moved over him in a dark cloud, heading north by nightfall. He crossed the Ohio River and felt good to be in Kentucky. In four hours he'd be home. He was getting sleepy but coffee had stopped doing him any good, only making his gut ache. He did see a cow of the road, finding the rhythm of a man's eyes but heavy. He felt at the truck was working still and the road unrolled before him. A loud noise made Gerald peek upright. He'd drifted across the headlamps lane and onto the edge of the median. He pulled over and lay down in the brush side. He was lucky not to have been killed. The law would have a hard time with this—two dead men, one mired and already soft, and a load of dirt.

When he awoke it was day. He felt tired already. At a gas station he stared at the neon signs, thinking he looked like the third day of a three-day drink. He combed his hair with water and stepped into the sun. A dog was in the back of his pickup, digging. He pulled, looking for something to grab. The dog saw Gerald. It purred at the dog, then clambered over the side of the truck and leaped away. Gerald checked the dog over Ory's exposed hand. A man came behind him. "Shove it, the man said. "You sound long enough, don't you?"

Gerald grunted. He was reaching the car, replacing the weights along the blanket's edge. "I'd like to take one to the restaurant myself last week. Got some kind of bug that killed it in a week. We said it was a new one on him."

"A new one."
"I put mine in a garbage bag." [Continued on page 123]

HERE'S TO WARM, WITTY & WISE

Once, when called upon to give a toast, the speaker in front of him had held the words seem so far away. Warmth, some moisture, courtesy of The Glenlivet.

He's to starting at the top and working our way up.
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He's to living up to our own expectations and not someone else's.

He's to living it up, as long as we can live it down.

I give you good fortune. May you receive it, and be mastered by it.

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Teri Hatcher, Woman of Steel

Finally, we get a Lois Lane for our time—she's smart, she's tough, she even prefers men who are less than super

By Michael Angeli

WHO POSSESSES the real super powers on the new television series *Lois & Clark: The New Adventures of Superman*? Trust us—it's Teri Hatcher, the postfeminist Lois Lane, who could tempt even the Man of Steel to abuse his X-ray vision. Let's examine the evidence.

Is she faster than a speeding bullet? Ms. Hatcher completed a mathematics and engineering major at DeAnza College, near her hometown of San Francisco, with acting lessons at the American Conservatory Theater, then went for the laughs, debating in Christopher Guest's satire *The Big Picture* as a narcissistic starlet. "It's a little hard for people to get the whole package," she laments. "Hey, it took my father up until a year ago to finally say, 'I think I see who you are now.'"

Is she more powerful than a locomotive? Don't dare dismiss her as just another horny *Seinfeld* devotee (that was Hatcher in last season's notorious "breast" episode). "I think that I'm a bright woman who can size up a problem, then figure out the best way to handle it. I've been knocked flat on my face, sure. But it just makes me stronger."

Is she able to leap tall buildings in a single bound? "The only way to get anything wonderful out of life," says Hatcher, who lives on a farm north of L. A., "is to risk big and jump off the cliff. It makes you incredibly vulnerable, but you know that on the other side, that's where all the goodies are."

Clay, but how does Teri fare in the most revealing test of all—chastizing the luke-warm, truth, justice, and the American way? "I think that imperfections are really wonderful. The prospect of being with someone who never had a zit or an extra couple pounds of fat is sort of boring."

Great Caesar's ghost, Jimmy, there's hope for 80 percent of us out here after all. "I think 95 percent," Teri generously suggests. Super. ■

Down to earth: What it takes to keep *Supergirl* human.





LASSALE
THE ART OF
SEIKO

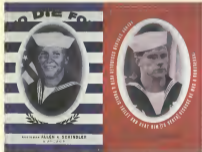
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IT'S ABOUT TIME. STONE

THE ACCIDENTAL MARTYR



SLUGO KANE: Actors pose before taking shipmate Allen Schindler and Terry Malloy

They were two sailors on an uneasy ship. One became a killer, the other his victim. What drew them together on an autumn night was rooted long ago in a fear and revulsion that still haunt the American psyche.

BY CHIP BROWN

POSTER DESIGN BY BUREAU NEW YORK

DECEMBER 1993 *ESQUIRE* 101

The pathologist had never seen such a beating—worse than someone who'd been stomped by a horse.

I. THE BATHROOM IN THE PARK

THE MARTYRDOM was subscribed where they found him, dying on the floor of a bathroom at a park in Saebuo, Japan. It was half an hour before midnight, October 17, 1921. His four companions in the shore patrol had come running from about 125 yards away, alerted by a steerman and a petty officer who had glimpsed part of the assault through a glass-block wall and, obviously, had been drawn to the bathroom by what they thought were the sounds of a man and woman having sex. Two of the shore patrolmen went to search for a pair of slouchily described suspects, the two remaining stayed to the sailor.

He was unconscious but still alive, gagging up blood. The face was so disfigured no one was sure of his race, much less his name. Patrolman Anthony Agreitas got a pulse, then lost it. He wiped the blood out of the sailor's mouth with a T-shirt and pressed on his chest, trying to restart his heart. With each new pressure, blood oozed from the sailor's mouth and bubbled out of a gash on the bridge of his nose. It would have expedited the reason if the ambulance had been despatched to come up behind the sailor swimming pool on the road that paralleled the one behind us but pointed out on the road sign. But the one behind us is military personnel know along the library road, which contains U. S. Fleet Activities in Saebuo to the two-dollar-a-hour karaoke bars in Saebuo Town, to the Albuquerque Bldgs. the suspension walkway across the Saebuo River. That's where the ambulance was dispatched, and that's why the dying sailor was moved. Two shore patrolmen, a base security cop, and Steerman Jonathan White slipped a stretcher under his body and carried him about a hundred yards, through the cypress trees of Saebuo Park, where elderly blue-robed women staid gardens by day and spunky young women local models at night. He was six feet one, weighed about 150 pounds, and had blond hair. To Steerman White, the eyeswearer who'd scoured the slums, it looked as if the sailor's nose had been shaved clean off his face. White cracked the man's head and moved to the nose on his own. When his group reached the bridge, they set the sailor down and flung the blood off their hands. A

crowd gathered. The ambulance arrived. A coplain rushed up with a breathing bag, another unlatched the garage. The sailor wasn't breathing; his heart wasn't beating. "Schneider!" and a shore patrolman agonizing at the military ID he'd found in the sailor's waist pack. "Schneider!"

"Schneider!" cried Steerman White, suddenly remembering the tattoo. Two nights earlier Radioman Steerman Allen K. Schneider had bought him a drink in Saebuo Town. He was one of more than two hundred sailors assigned on the USS *Selma* tied under the command of Captain Douglas J. Brad. White was shocked, months later the "tattoo specialist," as Cook would surely be had been bothered by bad dreams and that he'd "meddled blood for a week" and that the man of Schneider's face described him so much he had a hard time cutting me.

Alerted by phone, Lieutenant Steen Skensby hurried over to the branch medical clinic, he arrived as the ambulance was pulling in. It was ten to 12 noon. The doctor ordered antiseptics from established and a saline infusion down the victim's nostrils—no simple procedure given the trauma to the sailor's mouth and face. Lieutenant Skensby and three other captains worked for seven minutes trying to get the sailor's heart to beat.

In the haze of emergency they could make only a cursory survey of his injuries. What would become the most substantial particulars of the assault were compiled two days later during a six-hour autopsy at the U. S. Naval hospital at Okinawa. The patient lying to the branch medical clinic that night had suffered at least four blunt injuries to the head, chest, and abdomen. He had eight broken ribs, fractures of the back of his skull and of the bones around his eyes, his nose was broken, his upper jaw was swollen, the whole middle portion of his face was deadened and bleeding badly. There were bruises and cuts on the surface of his neck, head, and chest, there were bruises on his legs, on his hands, his feet. The pericardial sac around his heart was filled with 500 milliliters of blood, enough to top off a juice glass. His liver had been turned to pulp "like a tomato smashed up inside an oven." The impact of blows to the chest had torn his nerves, his bladder had been ripped open, his penis had been bruised and lacerated. There were several small marks scattered over his forehead and chest. The pattern of his T-shirt had been impressed on his skin. Seven months later Commander Edward Killbase, the forensic pathologist at Okinawa who had performed more than one thousand autopsies, would testify that he had never seen a more serious beating. The sailor's injuries were worse than the damage to a person who'd been stomped by a horse, they were similar to what might be sustained in a high-speed car crash or a low-speed aircraft accident.

All too soon it was obvious to Lieutenant Skensby that no one at the branch clinic could do anything to revive Radioman Steerman Allen Schneider's life. At nine o'clock on the new day the doctor pronounced him dead.

II. THE SAILOR'S MOTHER

HOW MANY TIMES had he told the story—in candlelight vigils and fundraising dinners and television interviews—and each time it wasn't simply the death of her son, it was the describing his her own emergence from blood bath an anatomy and odious prejudice. She, she still thought it was an son what guy men did in their bedrooms, but so was solitary—and people weren't being buried from the military file that. She was thirty seven years old, once divorced, once widowed, a steerman with a floral face, short strawberry-blond hair, and an irreducible figure, she worked as a bookkeeper in a Saeburo Army church. Her son was an honor walk of Chicago in the ripous blue-collar town of Chicago Heights, where she'd been raised and where she raised her four kids and where his was only incrementally richer than in the days of the Depression, when people shot ribs to get a little more for their meager wages. Her house was close to the tracks. You had to shove when the train passed.

They were Navy down the line, her family. In the only photo she had of her father he was in his Navy uniform—he was born after he came home from the war in 1915, he died when she was five. Frank Higgins, her second husband, had survived the sinking of the USS *Arcturion* at Pearl Harbor. As for her older son, Allen, third child after Kathy and Barbara, the portrait on the living-room wall showed him standing proudly in his sailor's uniform. Short even then, gaudy from boot camp in November 1941, child displayed the souvenirs he sent back from distant ports—African masks, Australian bougainvillee, Japanese dolls from Japan.

What the world say over and over again is that Navy mothers know what it means when their blues come knocking. She'd been strong as her neighbors, cutting neighborhood

crosses from a sheet of plastic, and suddenly a Navy shipyard and a casualty-assistance officer were standing three yards behind the railing, expecting to inform her that her son had been assigned to a gulf and was dead. But it had been just twenty-four hours since she'd called to Allen on the phone! He'd call once a week when the ship was in port—she'd called to him for eagle or rose numbers. He was in good sport, he and he was being discharged soon and might be home by Christmas. "There must be some mistake!"

The body arrived at O'Hare Airport on November 4, escorted by a petty officer from the USS *Selma* Wood who had been on the ship only four days. The Navy had addressed Mrs. Dorothy Higgins not to open the casket. When she had the lid lifted at the Sarge Memorial Funeral Home, she saw the uniform, she had embroidered with his name. . . . but there was nothing on the face of the son, and the eyes were over where the ears should be. Close it now, her brother said.

The next day during the wake the legs matted at the box. How do I know that Allen is true? One hundred and fifty people attended—family, neighbors, grade-school teachers, members of the Illinois High School band who knew Allen when he played the saxophone. He had been a C student mostly; he'd taught swimming; he'd played football; he'd gone to prom, he'd sold kumars for a dollar to benefit a charity. He'd worked as a local post man. Everybody knew he was smart about smart. When he joined the Navy—moved, advanced, money for college under the GI bill—his mother authorized four cards, a ring, a white duck, a rabbit, and two hundred forty dollars. And if that wasn't enough, after his first year in the service he had been a Choctaw oxcaddle for Mother's Day.

Even the father who had turned his back on Allen came to the wake, at Dorothy's insistence. They had divorced when Allen was four, a spite the boy took and blamed on his mother (and Christmas again, when the cook had no fat father's bones and Allen Schneider Jr. stomped the doctor in his best's face. Allen that, whenever a form asked for the name of his father, Allen Schneider Jr. wrote himself).

As the wake was winding down, Allen's sister Kathy asked Dorothy if she could open the coffin again. She wanted to look for five broods of his tattoo. So the coffin was opened again, and they rolled up the sleeves on the stranger's uniform. All that week every time the phone had rung, Dorothy's heart would gallop, expecting it was Allen calling to say, "Mum, I'm not dead." On one arm were the navy numbers of a short and a regiment on the other, the insignia of the USS *Selma*. There was no doubt now.



RECOGNIZABLE ONLY BY HIS TATTOOS:

Autopsy report, detailing the study to 1921.

What there was, aside from grief, was the mystery of his death. For six weeks the Navy had told Dorothy next to nothing. Every morning she awoke with more questions. What was the deal about? Why did Allen die to provide such violence? She knew that two weeks before his death had been to see the ship's lawyer. What was that about? Was that consented to by death? The letter from Captain Break had clarified nothing. On November 25, Dorothy wrote to Senator Paul Simon asking for help. Kelly mailed letters to all the members of the Senate Armed Services Committee and to president-elect Clinton. Dorothy contacted her newly elected congressman. He'd already been a passive, quiet person, now she spoke out. Now she was famous. She wasn't going to let anybody shut her up. She was having her headache. She'd been advised not to talk to the press, but when she started talking to the press, the headaches went away.

On December 6, she received a long-distance call from Rick Rogers, a reporter for *Life*, *Sex* and *Strep*. He said that he had heard the murder might have been a gay killing. Dorothy had known since June of 1990 that Allen thought he was gay; at the time she thought he was confused, just going through a phase. The next day she received a call from Captain Stephen D. Marchione in Japan. The young man's question was being the government's side of the case-normal in Japan. There was the just the question to him, the same question she had asked the date blazes who came to her door and the party officer who had accompanied the body. Why, why, why had Allen met with a military lawyer? Captain Marchione finally acknowledged that Allen had disclosed that he was homosexual and was in the process of being discharged from the Navy.

That was the day, coincidentally, that condolences arrived from acting secretary of the Navy Sen. Olinde Gottson. His words were as a politician, as a politician, at the least could not have been more ill-timed as an act of solidarity and consolation come nothing. "All though our Navy is large, there is a special bond among its members in the common cause of defending our precious freedom. We are proud that Petty Officer Schindler chose to be one of us."

Now, six months after her son's murder, she is changing the podiums at a ballroom at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, D.C. How things have changed since that awful evening in October! She who had never met an openly gay man before Allen's death, whose impression of him was based on *Eraser* in the TV show *MIWY-1*—had been invited to address the black-to-gala of a top gay lobby, the Human Rights Campaign Fund. In the past six months, she has notified blood committees and conferred with legislators, she's opened an AAdvantage account with American Airlines and mailed up thousands of frequent-flyer miles traveling to infirmary and prison conferences. Her entertainment lawyer has signed her to a million-dollar contract with Orion Productions, the producer of a gay miniseries. She has sent off written civil suit pending against the Navy. She has released her hair, and people are telling her she should run for office. She is effective and sought after because she is direct and plucky and unpretentious, her speech is well prepared, well double-rehearsed, but her words carry the weight of irrefutable authority. "The reason the Navy said

they didn't tell my son was gay was that they didn't know if I could handle it," she will say. "They thought I might hurt me. What gives them the right to decide that? How could they treat me any more than they already had?" Through that is following Senator Edward Kennedy and Representative Barney Frank, but she isn't nervous going speeches anymore. In two days she will address the biggest gay rights demonstration in history—opposed to a million people. She is planning to speak at the sit-in wearing a now standing before the 1,000-plus crowd of mostly gay men. She will then she knows Allen is up in heaven saying, "Go for it, Mom!" They have stars on their eyes. They are better off, better dressed, better connected, higher classed, more powerful, more refined, most of them can probably name all the organs in the flag cycle. But they are moved by her devotion, which stands in stark contrast to what many of them have experienced on their own families, moved by a mother who does not hang conditions on the love of her son.

When Mrs. Hapley finishes her speech and is about to step down from the podium, she sees that the actress Judith Light, who is the evening's willowy mistress of ceremonies, is also beaming at her with tears in her eyes. Mrs. Hapley is too new to fame not to be thrilled about a fit in media from "Who's the Boss" and she lets over the microphone again.

"You know, when I was in New York I saw Tony Danza," she says and then points at Judith Light. "Now I want to meet her! If the on-stage star is surprised at the light-eyed mood change, the actress is the smile, rapt, and opens her arms, the whole room roars at the women embrace."

III. BLOOD ON THE SHOES

CHARLES VINA WAS THE FIRST TO LEAVE the bathroom at Sandoz Park. His brown leather shoes were spattered with type-A blood. Terry Hapley was right behind him, with type-A blood on his Levi's and on his hair. Mike sneakers and on the developer blue jean jacket had borrowed from a friend. There was type-A blood on his arms and hands too. They walked under the napkin trees toward the river.

Both were armed about the USS *Delaware* WSD. Both were from the Midwest, lived wealthy, and wanted to be Navy SEALs. Both were only twenty years old, and now both had Allen Schindler's blood on their clothes. "We need to clean the blood off our clothes, Terry said. They

went down to the Sandoz River and sat on the concrete steps of the embankment, with their feet in the water. It was mostly Terry who talked, and the subject was not what happened in the bathroom, but how they could get back to the ship without getting caught. It was only minutes that they sat there, but it seemed like an eternity.

Done at the river, they headed up the road that parallels the bay. They were ready on the entrance of Fleet Activities when they passed near some warning sound cans. Hapley said Vina not to look back, when the man approached he realized they were shore patrol—Sailor Technician Kurt Parsons and Operations Specialist Michael Johnson. Don't run, Hapley said to Vina.

Step into the straight, Johnson's face recognized Hapley as one of the sailors he had seen earlier that evening, drinking in Nantz Park, which is U.S. Navy territory and borders Sandoz Park.

Have you been at the park? the patrolman asked. When they demanded to see military identification, Vina reached into his pocket, but Hapley said, "Run, Chuck" and bolted. Vina took off, too, but Parsons had a hold of his sleeve and dragged him down from behind. Johnson pulled out his nightstick. Hapley came running back and grabbed the man. Johnson was much more than a nightstick man with a knee to the head, and then knifed Parsons off Vina and again entangled Vina to run. They ran down International Boulevard toward Sandoz, Parsons stayed with Johnson, who was disoriented.

And so Hapley and Vina escaped. They need through a residential area, hopping fences. They set down by a house and began to breathe at their pants in order to run then into shorts. Terry threw away his friend's jean jacket and put on clothes he'd stolen from backyards. He removed the bloody slacks from his sneakers. To establish an alibi, they head back into Sandoz to wear boots in Sandoz Park. They stopped by two, but had no money to buy drinks and didn't see anyone who recognized them. They walked across some more. They were now another public bathroom to check themselves for evidence of a crime and then lingered on a bench to discuss what they should say if they were questioned. Hapley said he would say that he had gone into the bathroom to take a piss and that Schindler had made a homosexual advance—that Schindler had approached him with his penis out of his pants—and that Chuck should say when he saw Schindler come out to Terry that, "Terry had put 'em on" and looked out. Vina would hear say that Hapley seemed proud of what he had done—bringing that he had "dropped the guy with one punch."

Around 3:30 in the morning, four hours after the as-



A SLAP ON THE WRIST: Charles Vina was quietly given a four-month sentence.

sault, Hapley and Vina got a lift to the back entrance of the base. From a military policeman who said he was on looking for two murder suspects. So, Schindler had died. They didn't meet the description, the MP said. He dropped them off at the base gate, the quarters deck wash logged them as coming across the bow of the *Delaware* WSD at 4:00 A.M. Hapley spoke to a shipmate, Dave Hill, who said that when that Allen Schindler had been killed by four guys from the USS *Delaware* Hapley was trying to act like he was really drunk, but before he headed to his berth, he had his blood-stained Nikes in the room where the ship's weather balloons were stored.

Two and a half hours later, Naval Intelligence Services agents pulled Hapley out of his berth. As they led him down the passageway to the major-in-arm's office, he passed a shipmate, Gerald D. Mitchell. "I didn't mean to do it," he said, "but the bastard deserved it."

IV. THE OFFICIAL STORY

THE DAY AFTER Allen Schindler was found to death, Lieutenant William S. Spina, a public-affairs officer from Command Naval Forces Japan headquarters in Yokosuka, on Tokyo Bay, flew down to the U.S. Navy base at Sasebo. With an air-stroke access to the Sea of Japan, the airframe, sleepy, mountain-ringed city on the far southwestern island of Kyushu served as the home port for six U.S. warships, the most recently arrived of which was an amphibious assault ship called the USS *Delaware*.

Fleet Activities Sasebo was rife with wild stories about the killing. As provided for in treaty provisions, the Japanese police had turned the investigation over to U.S. authorities. It was Lieutenant Spina's job to "light the candle and let it burn" so that a news release was issued to follow up the

bullet was shot by the fellow Wood. A brief account of the killing, dated October 13, was duly prepared. The victim's name was omitted pending verification of next of kin, the final report noted the names of two suspects, but not their names. It also noted that the usual had taken place: "In a public assembly three blacks from the base."

From the start the Navy was concerned enough to keep close tabs on the coverage in the press—what of it there was. Some gripping footage of the bloodbath in the bathroom had been seen on Japanese television. But at that point the murder was just a local story that motivated the widespread Japanese impression of Americans as violent cowboys who made lousy cases. A brief text, written by reporter Rack Rogers, appeared in the October 30 issue of *Profile*. Sam and Steyn, the independent military newspaper. To Rogers' measurable question of what caused the fight, the Navy spokesman he quoted anonymously couldn't point to other than to say, "This was an apparent beating death with no known racial motivation or drug involvement." Rogers, a dourly, awed-of thirty-year-old Army sergeant with a lustrous jaw and Duke They might say, wanted to pursue the story. "Some guy getting shot, it doesn't happen around here that often," he explained months later. He asked to attend the court-martial, which is generally a public proceeding, open to the press. He repeated his request every day for a week, and then weekly for the next month, and with some help from his public-affairs officer at Commandant Naval Forces Japan in Yokosuka that he would be kept informed and permitted to attend. Anonymous source, the first of the defendants—Charles Vito—was de-motivated on November 23. Rogers, like everyone else in the press, heard about it after the fact.

Who could have known that within a matter of months, the death of a young sailor halfway around the world would come to symbolize the struggle to end fifty years of discrimination against gay servicemen and servicewomen in the United States? Or that hundreds of thousands of protesters would march on the mall in Washington, D. C., would sign up the married couples of the armed, driven to their feet by the collateral cruelty of his mother, would transcribe their fate at the Capitol and cry, "Justice! Justice! Justice!"

V. CENTRAL MOTIVE

MILITARY JUSTICE has often been faulted for being an intransparent process that is so much concerned with redressing the image of military authority as with punishing violations of military law. More so after the fact, a Navy spokesman would blame the failure to hold the court-martial of Charles Vito in view of the public on a

"heterosexual screwup"—that is, an oversight, not a calculation, that backfired. But by then the damage was done, and the Navy looked as if it was trying to hide something at a time when the service's reputation for rigorous self-criticism was already showing a lot of strain. (The grab-bag incident at the Tailhook Convention in Las Vegas in 1991 had already been involved under its gun barrel, from a loose fin, and the 1976 USS *Belknap*, in which forty-seven sailors were killed in a gas-furnace explosion, was strongly blamed on the "unhappy gay sailor" syndrome.)

Now came the government version. Charles E. Vito. As he was late on a bid for citizenship, Chuck Vito had gone up "a brand-new truck, college, my job, my girlfriend, and most of my freedom" to join the Navy in the summer of 1950. Such was his desire to become a Navy man that he took leave time to return home to Chicago and work up an application that would allow him to go to sea on a night. But joining the Seals was not so he was assigned to the USS *Belknap* in June 1951. Shipmates in his division found him to be "nice," "well-mannered," and goes to an "impeccable appearance."

Why would the Navy not have wanted the press to cover his court-martial? The simple answer is that the court-martial revealed the nature of the murder, which the Navy was loath to acknowledge even to the victim's mother much less to the public. If reports had been so kind, however, they might go on to mention on the grounds as well, for the Navy itself, which seems to have been a rather casual attitude toward the crimes of Charles Vito.

When Captain Stephen Matthews, the prosecutor, stood before Commander David P. Holcombe, the military judge, and argued that the crimes to which the accused had pleaded guilty warranted a two-year jail term, the speech was academic. Four days before the trial, Vito had been granted a plea bargain that lowered his jail time to a maximum of four months. The prosecution dropped the murder and assault charges, and Vito agreed to plead guilty to three lesser offenses involving a woman and a woman's child, and to testify truthfully against Terry Helvey.

Vito had also entered into a stipulation of fact, a three-page, single-spaced document that detailed what all the parties in the case believed to be a truthful account of the man's role in the death of Seaman Schneider. Vito was hoping to stay in the Navy, and in his closing argument, Lieutenant Paul K. Nibste, his defense counsel, appealed to the court to look leniently on his client. "Armed. Appearance. Vito did not run toward the restroom," said Lieutenant Nibste. "He didn't shove a single blow. He didn't so much as make a single angry glance toward Schneider."

It is hard to imagine a military lawyer rationally including a military court or convicting such an innocent from this on. He had to have been relying on the stipulation of fact, although what the document actually says is a mystery, for the Navy as of this writing, has refused to release it even under the Freedom of Information Act. The point is that on November 24, contrary to what Lieutenant Nibste said in court about his client on November 23, Vito gave a more complete account of his participation in the death of Seaman Schneider. He was not, as his lawyer had claimed, a passive onlooker. He had made a few angry gasp now himself. He had looked Schneider in the head. And then, he told the Naval Investigative Service, "After the

top of my right foot, I kicked Schneider on his left side. He did not fall backward, so I believe I kicked him on the same manner and the same location two more times."

Why wasn't this statement obtained when the facts of the case were stipulated? Vito had agreed to testify truthfully about his participation in the murder when the terms of the plea bargain were agreed to on November 19—four days before his lawyer represented him as a pacifist to the judge, who could have given Vito an even lighter sentence than what was set forth in the plea bargain. The plea bargain, which incorporated the stipulation of fact, was formally signed on November 23, distributed immediately after their signatures to such documents under penalty of perjury. The Navy maintains that Vito's cooperation and testimony were crucial to the prosecution of Terry Helvey, but it is not unreasonable to draw the conclusion that the government brooked the conviction that that an innocent who participated in a fatal assault got off with a slap on the wrist.

Two more weeks passed after the court-martial of Charles Vito, and still the Navy said nothing about the name of Allen Schneider's murder. In fact, the central motive—the nature of the crime—was known within hours of the killing. It was known by agents of the Naval Investigative Service, who did not simply stumble onto it but proposed a dating their investigation of Terry Helvey. The legally naive attorney seemed to be the prosecutor and pressed a conviction until the statute of limitations was passed. The investigation might be categorized by the social status of the victim. (Was the site so far fringed given the explicit mention on homosexual attitudes in the Pentagon?)

Allen Schneider was murdered because he was gay. He, for so few words. Navy public-affairs officers were more concerned with monitoring press reports than informing them. Even so, official message traffic gripped about negative and insensitive coverage, the Navy spread confusion of its own. One official "Q&A" posed a series of questions:

Q. "Is any of American Navy's senior leadership involved in this case?"

A. "Senior leadership is not directly involved in this case. The commanding authority remains the case. This incidently takes two to six weeks following the trial."

That's an answer designed to obscure, not clarify, a sweetheart deal. The commanding authority was clearly prohibited from slanting the terms of the plea bargain.

When another motive for the murder did appear three months later, in February 1995, it's instructive how quickly some Navy news managers embraced it: A USS *Belknap* Mid-shipman named Victor Christian stood in an affidavit that Terry Helvey himself was gay and that he'd been romantically involved with Allen Schneider. (Surfing just as President Bill Clinton's intention to lift the ban on homosexuals in the military was making Schneider's murder exhibit A in a nationwide debate, the surfing and, as it turned out, incorrect information changed the content of the story from a gay bashing to a violent quarrel between two crazy guys. It could even be construed as an example of why the military should finally, not abolish, the ban on gays. The alignment first appeared in a story in the *San Diego Union-Tribune*, written by the reporter who had broken the Tailhook scandal. Christian, who in late December had written Miss Hudyn's sympathetic letter and had enclosed photographs of Helvey and Vito, was apparently pushing some sort of prevent publicity stanz,

he failed a lie-detector test and eventually confessed his tale.

The Navy might have succeeded in separating Allen Schneider's murder from the context of a gay bashing if a hadn't been for three gay American civilians whom Schneider had befriended just before his death: Eric Underwood, Wilson Cook, and Rod Brown were dancers performing in a show at Hilo on Booth, a replica of a Dutch village about half an hour by air from Saaboo. They'd met them friend Al in a bar in Saaboo Town. Outraged by the Navy's failure to mention the victim's sexuality and by what they learned from other sailors was the nature of the attack, they drafted a letter in early November. "To whom it may concern: A friend of ours, Al, who was in the process of being discharged from the Navy due to his homosexuality, was brutally beaten beyond recognition and left to die in a peribathhouse stall." The reason for the murder was reported by the Navy as a difference of opinion, and not the previous crime of "gay bashing" that it was. Why should the death of an unnamed homosexual be swept under the carpet by the US Navy? Why does the U.S. military get away with this discrimination? This letter is being written in hopes that Al did not die in vain."

They mailed the letter to a number of newspapers and gay publications. Only *Profile* Sam and Steyn picked up the lead and on December 13, the day Allen Schneider would have been twenty-three, published the document's allegations. With the leverage of the letter, reporter Rack Rogers had managed to get an anonymous Navy spokesman to confirm that "the homosexuality issue is certainly a motive being investigated."

The day after the story appeared, there were five television stations on Dorothy Hayden's lawn. The national news was broadcast on American television networks over the next few days and exploded in much depth over the next few weeks by major newspapers trying to catch up. A crime that had been just a squib in a news digest would, by early spring, be the most volitionally covered and publicized significant gay murder since the 1975 conviction of Harvey Milk, the former San Francisco supervisor and first openly gay elected official in the United States.

VI. THE HASTY ACTIVIST

A GAY MAGAZINE once called Michael Perle's "America's greatest activist." As thirty-five, he had recently moved from New York to Washington, D. C., so open a branch of ACT UP, the AIDS advocacy group known

for its guerrilla tactics. While he was an antipolitical firebrand with a track for unnecessary sexual fees and had been reproached by many in the gay community for "outing" former Defense Department spokesman Pete Williams, he had an inspiring willingness to share insights into their lives.

On December 10 he opened a brief symposium in The Washington Times about the possible gay bombing of an American sailor in Japan. He looked around for stories in other newspapers. He couldn't find any. Sontag's act was right, he thought. He called a friend and said he was going to do something about it. He was going to name Allan Schindler into "the gay Rodney King."

Petrulis had nothing new to pass along other than his outrage and his opinion that the ban killed Allan Schindler, but he organized a press conference on the steps of the Pentagon and got the local CBS affiliate to turn up and a group from Reuters and the Army News Lot. There were reports that night about the case on local CBS and ABC stations. He sent out faxes and made telephone calls. He called Dorothy Hapley, not knowing what she'd think when he identified himself as a "queer activist." She'd been quoted as saying her son wasn't gay. She learned what Petrulis said he was the killing at a political case, and whether or not her son was gay, the perception that he was had contributed to his death. He told her he wanted to put her son's autopsy pictures on placards and to confront people with the price of the ban.

As the primary plaintiff of the Helms court-martial approached, Petrulis sent out letters to raise money so he could go to Japan. He had no credit cards, no salary, no savings, but the story was too important to ignore, and it seemed to him that the mainstream gay-rights groups weren't doing anything. Someone had to keep the focus tight. "Allan Schindler seems to me from beyond the grave," he said. A \$2,500 check arrived by overnight mail from the head of a gay-prime studio in San Francisco. David Coffin's foundation sent \$2,500, some thirty-five donors contributed more than \$2,000. He scheduled a press conference to be held at the airport upon his arrival in Japan.

As Michael Petrulis pressed Schindler's cause in the last weeks of the case and/or some milking in San Diego, the gay community of San Diego, who were going up back home.

As Michael Petrulis pressed Schindler's cause in the last weeks of the case and/or some milking in San Diego, the gay community of San Diego,



A FLOATING ANIMAL HOUSE? The *Bellina Wood* (1980-2001) is still in the U.S. Navy's inventory.

Schindler was not just a political tool. Many people had met him, dined with him, danced with him, and helped him come out.

VII. QUEERS ON BOARD

WHEN ISRAHAM SCHINDLER arrived in San Diego in the fall of 1988, he was careful not to advertise his recent homosexual findings. By necessary gays in the military have a cover life of girlfriends and couples. They find each other by a kind of "gaydar" and know each other as "family." He approached the gay scene as he approached his own sexuality—with an eager curiosity and a sort of gay-woman sensibility. In his right ear he wore a right-to-wrong stud or subliminal message. He wore colored rings on his right hand and a rack of rainbow-colored gay-pride rings around his neck. He took up smoking cheap cigarettes. The waitresses wrapped his three-foot-long nicotine band in the ovens and carried it into gay clubs. He was told the first class Boy Scout from the Midwest with a comic-book collection and traces of baby fat on his face, a kid who liked to stretch and speak Star Trek lingo, he had a big appetite and the table manners of a breed. Whenever he was troubled, he went quietly to ground.

"Al was sweet," said Jan Jennings, a friend and former lover of Schindler's who had an honorable discharge from the Navy. Jennings viewed a videotape from Schindler when he was home on leave for the last time—the minutes of chaotic and lively meetings of World-like meetings of chaotic and lively meetings.

Al's best mate, Schindler had gotten to know other young gays at Café Pigeon, where he was a regular, scribbling in his journal and sipping coffee he sloppily sipped with laces of sugar and Sweet's Luck. In his journal he was careful not to discuss, referring to the men he liked only as his "blood things."

In June 1990, home on leave, he came out to his family. They were confused. They didn't believe him. They asked him wasn't he worried about AIDS? "It's not like you think," he told his sister Karly.

He was transferred to the USS *Wood* in January

1991. His eleven months aboard the steamed carrier soon after he happens days on the Navy. He transferred in order to aid on the *Makaj's* final cruise before decommissioning; under a special program his sixteen-year-old half brother, Hal, joined him for the passage from Seattle to San Diego.

In December 1991 Seaman Schindler was transferred to the USS *Bellina Wood*, a troop-transporter, and his love affair with the Navy went over to a luxury in Kluge on cruise, the *Bellina Wood* was a "veg dig," or "garage sale." It was the "Hellena Wood." He had the 3 on his ship's cap placed in an h. Alford had mail was being read, he sent back heavily taped letters with a picture of a real dove on the envelope flap and the warning "Wad if you see him." He had been able to speak openly if directly about his sexuality on the *Makaj* according to his friend, Rick Gonzalez, his on the *Bellina Wood* he found a much more hostile attitude.

When in September the *Bellina Wood* departed San Diego for its new home port in Sasebo, Japan, the program got worse. "Most I'm afraid on a ship I don't want to be on, going to a place I don't want to go," Schindler wrote to his journal. "For now I don't know what my destiny is if I have one."

"I use the bathroom personally," said former *Bellina Wood* shipmate Rick Esterson, now one of the Navy with an honorable discharge. He and Schindler were part of the so-called *Fidelibus* from a group of dozens of gay sailors who hung out together. People bumped into him and showed him out of the way. They made comments—Captain coming down the passageway." Navy Officer Keith Saxe, another member of the *Fidelibus* crew, said that sometimes people carrying soap would pretend to stumble and spill it on Schindler.

When the *Bellina Wood* pulled out to sea to ride out Hurricane Iniki in ocean waters off Hawaii, Seaman Schindler was one of many sailors who didn't get back from shore leave in time. But, says Esterson, nobody else was written up for unauthorized absence and punished at a captain's discretion—a non-military procedure.

In some from Hawaii to Japan, Schindler's morale deepened. He was used of disembarking. On each one night he threw a three o'clock aboard and made a walk—what he based in his journal had to do with getting off the ship. While operating the radio, Schindler transmitted a pink-odd sign that effectively broadcast his sexual orientation to much of the Pacific fleet: "3-Q-T-3-3-S-T-3-3." When he sent a quickly it sounded like "too cute to be straight." He was, as he noted in his journal, finding "my true colors." He had his best sex ever on the ship with the ship's chaplain, and finally his soul-searching reached a climax on September 23, where he appeared at captain's mast for the unauthorized radio message. He requested that the hearing be closed. It was open, with two hundred to three hundred people in attendance. He had often gotten raged for wearing an earring. He had a film camera with case made and, provocatively, he wore one of them to the mast. As one point Schindler covered the microphone and whispered to the captain, "You know what I am." He was given thirty days' restriction on the ship. After the hearing, with the ship's commander friendly and he of it people did not care what he was. When he heard that the Navy was say-

wrote in his journal, "then who are you?" He met with the ship's legal officer, Captain Bernard Meyer, and with the captain, Douglas Brant. He was told the proceeding of his discharge would take two weeks. He was told to report any incidents of harassment. Rick Esterson says Schindler said him he had made complaints of harassment to his division officers but was discouraged because the complaints were not passed up the chain of command. The Navy now there is no record of Schindler filing any complaints of harassment.

On October 6 he wrote in his journal: "More people are finding out about me. It seems easy a little. You never know who would want to expose me or cause my existence." By October 20, "It would be a good idea for people of our type to stay together, especially when times are tough. I don't want anybody else to go through the trauma I did."

Schindler was overjoyed to get off restriction on Friday evening, October 21. In five days the ship was moving off for the Philippines, so he had a few nights in comfort in Sasebo Town. On Saturday night in a bar called Captain's, he met Valen Cain (one of the *Bellina Wood* crew) and a young Dutch exchange student named Natascha Ripshook. Natascha had a five-by-seven modeling card of the Underwood, another of the doctors. Allen was mesmerized by the face of a prepubescent "blond thing" and eagerly returned the next evening to meet Eric at the Fog House in Sasebo Town. Valen brought him back to see the Dutch doctor, who had a long term, somewhat recent relationship already. "I kind of felt sorry for him. He was dealing with people who didn't understand him, or care, so, and when he found people he could talk to, he was terrified." When he returned again Monday night, Schindler brought a sketchbook of caricos he'd drawn on restriction and photographs of his family and the gay-pride parade he had attended in Long Beach, California, the year before. "Valen and I asked him about what happened on the ship," Underwood said, "and he said that as far as harassment goes, he felt better than he ever had."

On October 23, the *Bellina Wood* Monday night, Rick Esterson went to bed in his berth, rack number 616 in the Air Department. (V-3) division. While he was asleep someone approached his berth and hit him in the face, giving him a cut under his right eye and a bloody nose. "We don't wear any lags on our ship," the person said. "You better get off our ship." Within hours of Schindler's murder, *Bellina Wood* commander ordered Esterson from the ship for his own safety.

This next evening, Tuesday, the last day of Allen Schindler's life, he became very ill. Cain arrived 7:30 p.m. Schindler told Cain he was on his way to an AA meeting and that he would come back later that night to say his last goodbye to Valen and Eric, the ship was scheduled to pull out Wednesday morning. Eric Underwood got back to his hotel around midnight. He found a lot of ordinary police on the street with another expression. "One of Valen's friends called up the next morning and said Allen Schindler had been beaten to death in the park in a restroom. We were stunned. I cried for two or three days. I know his character. He was a freedom guy. He was courageous and he was a genuinely friendly and he of it people did not care what he was. When we heard that the Navy was say-

ing the reason for the murder was a difference of opinion, we couldn't let that rest. Allen tried to live his life normally. He was learning about his sex and for that he was brutally murdered, and now his death was being swept under the rug. We wanted the Navy to admit that it was a gay bashing and to make the world realize that the only way to save Allen Schneider's life was to allow that he was gay."

Using the computer in the production office at Hain in Beach, the director the letter that launched Allen Schneider's posthumous career as the gay Rodney King.

And in San Diego, there was nothing his friends and supporters could do for him now, other than to make it possible for the Navy to bring the corpse of his death. They gathered the first week in January at the Lesbian & Gay Men's Community Center, which is luckily located on Normal Street in the Hillcrest neighborhood. A memorial service was planned for January 17 at the Metropolitan Community Church, Jim Woodworth of the San Diego Veterans Association agreed to give money to fly an helicopter to deliver Schneider's remains and added to death statements to document what the dead sailor had told them about his treatment aboard the fellow blind Christopher Brown, who knew Allen from Café Pigeon, said that Schneider had told him from on the Helms. "We called him faggot and fucking queer," Jim Jennings said that Al had said people on the ship were always calling him a faggot, and when he was heading out for an evening on the town, they'd say "Oh, you're probably going to a big bar." A Navy active-duty serviceman who had spent much of the summer of 1991 with Schneider in the Navy Alcohol Rehabilitation Center said that Schneider had told him he wasn't an alcoholic and that he'd been sent to the center to "cool off" after he had complained to his commanding officer about crew members who were giving him locker shits and saying, "There's a faggot on the ship and he should die."

"The atmosphere aboard the USS Helms Wind evokes the treatment of gay sailors is still in dispute. Journalists and gay activists were quick to brand the fellow blind "rough ship." Awareness had to perform at Hain in Beach and raise and ocean was visited by the production company to stay off the streets when the fellow blind was in port. His reputation wasn't helped when many of an sailors got involved in a gaudy brawl October 3 that spilled off the base into Balboa Town. Seafood ubiquitous vending machines, some of which dispense beer, were overturned in the street. Short leaver were canceled and general quarters declared at 11:45 A.M.

On the other hand, Steve Morgan, the American owner of the fellow Town Bar Shoppers, says that the ship's had to return to San Diego. Lots of nice people on the fellow blind, just a few "bad apples." "The town was really wild every year ago when there were about seven hundred bars," he said.

Months after Susan Schneider's death, using by the accounts of a floating Naval Nurse in the fleet, the Navy conducted an investigation on board the fellow Wind "to determine the conditions and attitudes that prevailed in the case of the murder." The report concluded that the ship's command and senior personnel "actively discourage violence, threats, and illegal discrimination of any type, including against homosexuals."

VIII. THE KILLER'S SCARS

ALL THAT STAYS: Terry Helvey had called home weekly from the brig at the U.S. Navy base in Fukuoka, Japan. His mother was halfway around the world in Fredericktown, Missouri. He was recognizing his emotions then, saying Chuck Was the guy who killed Allen Schneider if Terry was guilty it was of misplaced loyalty to a buddy who'd said him out. His mother, Regina, who'd had a phony amnesia and was struggling to keep up with the 1990's-month bills, was desperate to believe him: "My son is innocent of murder," she wrote in a letter to the Detroit News in March. "He has given the name of the person he is sure is responsible." Most of Fredericktown wanted to believe him, unable to square the story in the papers with the led they knew, the led they'd watched grow up, the led they'd shared when he started as the sixteen-foot, all-conference, all-divert center for the Fredericktown Backlogs. The hometown hero.

As if they could to help him when he was growing up, they were trying to help him now. Vera Thompson argued as a woman that raised you for a legal defense fund, people donated like jobs, old changes flower arrangements, and donated at the dancing club. A dance at the Eagles club started since. Helvey's friends placed upon change buckets in restaurants and gas stations, they set up a friendly roadblock on courthouse square to shake down motorists. Their intentions were the best, they hoped the best for his future, but if there was something hollow about the effort, it was because he'd broken a covenant with them, assuming what the papers and was not, no one could really understand it. Misfortune of the order straighten their faith. They did not want to believe, as Philip Levine once wrote, that "men handle money on to men."

Fredericktown lies in the Ozark foothills two hours south of St. Louis. It has, more aptly for the purposes of this letter, along the Trail of Tears, which delivered the Cherokee to their exile in Oklahoma. Most of the land word farms have been cut, and what remains are left down out packing cases and shipping pallets. The town's economy survives on ranching and farming and the remains of a meager industry, there's one movie theater, a couple of local rags, and hardly any news.

I drove down from St. Louis to call on Regina Helvey and her son Sheryl Schneider about a month before Terry Helvey's trial in Japan. They had not been able to raise enough money to hire a civilian lawyer, but Terry's military

casualty—Lawrence Jacques Smith and Major Bernard Doyle—had flown to Fredericktown and were videotaping testimonies from Terry's friends and supporters. The statements would be presented at the court-martial, which Regina and Sheryl were planning to attend. They were braced for the worst, but they had a lead in it.

As if my case, Regina had one of the laggard good looks that had made her want to model when she was younger, but she seemed to exude a protective air of aphoristic detachment, and her eyes were filled with fanny-sweep anger. Like Dorothy Hayden, she had not had an easy life. Her mother had divorced when she was six, she was forced to be the parent to her sisters and brothers, she'd been physically abused by her mother and sexually abused by a neighbor and battered by two husbands. She had been just sixteen, living at her mother's in Detroit, when she took up with Colin Helvey, a glue-sniffing, heroin-smoking musician and union artist. By the time she was twenty, she had two sons, Wade and Terry. Terry was born with his father was in jail, serving a ninety-day sentence for possession of drugs while on the U.S. military. Regina left the kids to her mother's care to follow Colin to California, then returned back to Michigan a few years later and then divorced him.

Regina fell in with a truck driver named Ron Lynch and gave birth to Terry's half sister, Becky. Ron Lynch handed his emotions on with his first. He had his suspicions. When he was five, Lynch closed Terry's hand in a bedroom door, the top of Terry's right index finger had to be amputated. Regina tried to suck up for her kids, but for those complex reasons that seem to paralyze human wives, she was unable to break away. "Sometimes she would say, 'That's enough,'" said Sheryl flatly. "She kicked Ron out of a couple of times. He snatched up his stuff, but she let him come back. I don't understand it. Love's blind."

Regina didn't have money or a profession. She worked in bars and factories, often leaving the kids unattended. "We were so hungry we used to steal food from our own houses," recalled Terry's older brother, Wade. "I never had money in the winter. I still don't wear a coat. I gave it all away to the cold." When the family moved to Fredericktown in January 1980, the stepfather's violence got worse. Wade and Terry lived in terror of Friday evenings, when Ron would yell at them from the road or raise for supper. They weren't allowed to look up from their plates or rise for seconds. They weren't allowed to cross his courtyard. Ron took a cake that Gina had baked from scratch and smashed it in her face. He broke a leg off a table and beat her with it. He gave her the wick of sex once that he laid viable under one of her eyes. He cracked a paddle over Terry's face—the scar across Terry's chin. The boys often had warts on their backs and lesions on their heads.

"But always used to call us boys," you little faggot, you little quacker," recalled Wade when I asked to hear over the telephone. "Terry doesn't remember much of what happened, he doesn't hold grudges. But I remember I seen Terry get the hell beaten out of him by Ron. He used boards and paddles. We'd hide his paddles. He would throw us against the wall. He wasn't drinking. Whenever he was drunk, he was nice. My mother didn't run her back on us, but she didn't really help us. Our nose Ron scrubbed. Terry's ass with a wax brush used to bleed. He wouldn't let us go to the bathroom in the house

He'd say 'Get the hell out of here, you should be while you were in school.' Terry was afraid to go to the bathroom in elementary school. One time we couldn't hold it no more. I was nine, Terry was seven, we got to Becky's room and we shit and pissed in her closet, in a roll of toilet paper. A week later he found it, and he went and got us a fork and he made us eat it. That's the worst thing in the world, it's your shit and you're putting it back in your system. Terry's blocked it out. He knows Ron was bad to us but not to the extent I would't just avoid—I was paying attention. I was trying to be good, but I didn't want Terry to be. I told my brother a long time ago that nobody would ever beat either of us again. What he did was wrong, but what he did wasn't anything that had't been done to him—the only difference is that he didn't do and Allen Schneider did. We never had a chance to get our lives started. We got our start and something went sour. Terry's not a murderer. I know that for a fact. He's not a murderer, and I'll never look at my brother as a bad person because nobody knows what we were through."

Regina finally split up with Ron in 1983. Ron Lynch is now fifty-seven, and he has honored his obligations to Becky, spending his work-presents, in recent years he has tried to make amends for what he did to his stepsons. He kept them short for Christmas. "Terry used to go to talk to him, he just apologized," Wade said. "But he doesn't want to talk about it. He's an old man now."

For young Wade and Terry, a year in a boy's home in Detroit, Missouri, gave them some valuable structure. In high school, while Wade got some smoking pot, Terry wanted to go to the opposite direction. He joined an anti-drug crusade. He made friends with little children of the weekly families. He denied nearly he wanted the marijuana and the cool shoes. He was eager to belong and it seemed as if he might make it past the attorney of his boyhood. He applied to be a lawyer, an advocate for abused children, an agent for the DEA. The Sports Illustrated version of the local paper published a quote of his that now resonates with rages: "I would like to improve my masculinity. I would like to be able to doable around people better." He recognized his temper and his tendency to go through people, and around them. He did get into fights but also tried to control his outbursts. When things went south at Regina's house, he had any number of surrogate parents to call on—the Moore's, the Thompsons, the Hansens. They set a place for him at the table and gave him the run of the kitchen, sometimes they took him on trips, when he crossed the Navy, the Thompsons gave him a calling card so he could stay to teach.

His senior year, after a fight with his mother over whether Becky should be allowed to see an older boyfriend who Terry thought was a scumbag, he moved in with the Hansens. But Hansens worked as a production company at the high school, her husband, Dave, had his own construction business. Terry had dated and stayed friends with their daughter, Audea. The atmosphere was zero when he showed up wearing a muscle shirt. He didn't have a coat. The Hansens bought him a coat. They bought him socks, shoes, underwear, they even paid some of his debts.

And in August 1992, newly graduated from Fredericktown High School, he joined the Navy for the same

manus Allen Schindler had travel, adventure, and money for college under the GI bill. In February 1959 he reported for duty aboard the USS *Fellows Wood*. He had violent dreams and confided them to some of the friends he befriended together with. "He used to tell me about dreams that he would have about killing people, tearing their arms off and beating them with it," Charles Vias would state months later to the NIS. "He would also talk about hitting people's noses off." "They took you with drinking with Helvey the night Schindler was murdered and had traveled to Helvey's home in Fredericks town on love—told me one night in a bar in Sasebo, a week before the court martial," "I was always trying to get Terry Helvey to cool down. I was always trying to get him out of trouble. He had a short fuse. He was always saying, 'I'll tear your head off and shit down your dress.'"

In early November, nine months after he boarded the USS *Fellows Wood*, Terry called the Hansens from Japan. His mother had married and he didn't know where she was living. "I got drunk and got into a fight," he said. "Oh, no," Sue Hansen said.

"It's pretty serious," he said. "I'm in the log. The guy says, 'I'm going to be a nightmare because of the police.' The didn't die, did he?" Sue Hansen asked.

"No," Terry Helvey said, unable to bring himself to tell her the truth. He said he couldn't say anything more.

In December Sue Hansen heard on the television news about a soldier on the *Fellows Wood* who had been killed. She put two and two together. And now, a May evening six months after this first call from the young basketball star they'd hoped to see on the straight and narrow, Dave and Sue Hansen are trying to explain a dream they matched.

"We had sex," Terry (over), "and said after reflection, 'We had gone into a normal level of life for two years. He knew our values.' We told him, 'You cannot drink. Stay out of that kind of crap. Don't hang around in taverns.' I wrote to him at the end of December and told him what I felt about it. He was part of our family. We would love him and the person we believed him to be. But he would have to work this out himself."

IX. "WHAT DID MY SON DO TO YOU?"

THERE WERE ONLY TWO GARDEN VISITING ROOMS at the court-martial of Arman Appenzeller Terry M. Helvey. What had happened in that bathroom in Sasebo Park on October 27? And why? And yet for the longest time

it seemed that the proceeding that was to air the facts of the case most thoroughly would answer neither. During those months of delving to consensus about the death of Allen Schindler, Navy public-affairs officers said they had to strike "a delicate balance" between the public's right to know and the accused's right to a fair trial. "A delicate balance" explained all the hunch-buzzing and the sidestepping.

But "a delicate balance" also described the politics of the court-martial. There were really two defendants in the dock—Arman Helvey, of course, the nominal defendant charged with murder, and the U. S. Navy, accused by gay activists and others of covering up a bare crime. Ideally, the damage to the Navy's image after the miscarriage of the Vias court-martial would be wiped away by the successful prosecution and punishment of his colleague. But there was a real danger that the Helvey court-martial could make the Navy look even worse. It could raise questions about the conduct of the officers of the USS *Fellows Wood* who had, fairly or not, been accused for failing to prosecute the U. S. sailor from another. It could focus attention on the way in which the command at Naval Station Japan had managed to turn a politically sensitive incident into a case of indifference. It could have fueled the argument that violence against gays is a consequence of a policy that arranges them in as safe to serve their country.

But the Navy had covered the show, and it was determined to keep itself afloat and to keep the mal from rolling the political debate. And so the question of gay-baiting, the question of morale itself, was pushed aside. From the government's point of view, the motive of the murder was irrelevant. And yet Terry Helvey's state of mind figured so largely in what he had done that the motive became a kind of elephant in the corner of the courtroom that everyone worked around but pretended not to see.

When the show opened on the morning of May 14, courtroom, white-uniformed public-affairs officers were waiting at the gate to usher those from a dozen reporters into the Lighthouse Lounge, where a silver sea of coffee had been set out. Tables were covered with yellow HELVEY TRAIL ID tags and blue folders stuffed with nearly all of the relevant press releases issued in past months—although not the very first ones, those early snags in press coverage, which only would have rattled the press of what the Navy hadn't been saying back in October.

Dorothy Hagley and her daughter Kathy sat in the front row on the far right side of the main courtroom in the Legal Services building. She was the most famous mother of a gay serviceman in the country, a star of the march on Washington four weeks earlier. Crowds along the parade route had chanted "Mom! Mom! Mom!" when she passed—flanked by Jim Jennings, Allen's ex-lover, and another of Allen's Navy friends, Allen Pemberton, who framed off the photographers with a little American flag. For the duration of the court-martial, Dorothy and Kathy were staying on the base, they had been assigned a Navy room. Dorothy's eight-year-old son was spliced and taped, she had cooked a getting-out of a Japanese bathtub.

Regina Helvey sat next Sheryl Sarichino, and Terry's boyfriend friend Jim Thompson were sitting in the front row far left, behind the defense table. They had had a chance to visit Terry before the court-martial began and

had sat for newspaper photographs and to take their picture. In front of each family on the west-high portion that divided the gallery from the court there were boxes of tissues.

New came Terry Helvey trailed by his lawyers a tall, well-built sailor with perfectly young features and hair combed on his face. His hair was clipped, and a long strand of a neck rove above the shoulder hid his arched eyebrows. He looked like a shaven version of the kid on the Dutch Boy paint can. He kept his right fingers curled arched, hiding the one that was mangled.

When he was just a five-foot head shot in the newspaper or a hand-drawn figure in a snapper of video footage, it was easy to dismiss him, the make of a demon is not so easily slipped over a living face. He seemed nervous and frightened. His eyes were a hard-to-remember mix of boyishness and trouble, nervousness and staid concern. The one young man was answering his lawyers might have advised him against. He was chewing gum.

He had given those accounts of what happened the night of October 27. In the next month, he had tried to shift the blame to Charles Vias. But on April 16 Helvey had signed a thirteen-page, single-spaced confession of fact. It would serve as the final and official narrative of what happened in the bathroom in Sasebo Park. In order to avoid the death penalty, he had agreed to plead guilty to the lesser charge of murder with intent to commit great bodily harm.

From the Navy's point of view the plea bargain neatly removed the headline and embarrassment of being forced to explore Helvey's motives or to call Vias to the stand, the only person capable of giving a credible account of the beating. With the case now not just but the degree of punishment, much of the drama of the court-martial had been drained away. The prosecution put on its witnesses essentially to support its proposition that Terry Helvey should be sentenced to life in prison. And so the people who discovered Allen Schindler, who had tried to save his life, who had performed his autopsy; who, sworn and examined. Many specimens in the gallery gaped when the half-courtesy the autopsy photograph of Schindler's face from the parcel of jury members to the witness stand. Then glimpsed from dumpy feet as it rolled across the room in the bailiff's hand, it was shocking a red, raw ruin. When Commander Kibure the pathologist pathologist, noted the damage Terry Helvey had wrought on her son's body, Dorothy Hagley began to weep. Helvey's aunt Sheryl began to cry as well and had to leave the courtroom. Regina sat stoically like a chessman in a file row, but he was unable to show a



"HE'S IN HEAVEN SAYING, 'DO FOR IT, MOM!'"
Her son's death radicalized Dorothy Hagley.

Dorothy remembers she and Sheryl sometimes stepped outside on a fine escape to smoke; Dorothy and Kathy went up the hill and drank sodas in a little kiosk. The air vibrated tensely whenever their paths crossed.

The testimony of the two NIS agents who had taken Helvey's voluntary statements established that somebody toward gays had something to do with the assault on Allen Schindler. The accused had Special Agent Dale Wallace first interviewed him. "We had learned in the early hours that the victim might be homosexual," Wallace testified. "We brought up homosexuality. We asked [Terry] how he felt about homosexuals. We threw it out to him. Was that a reason a night has happened? Terry hesitated. Then he said yes. He said he was disgusted by homosexuals. He said he was sorry he had happened but he would do it again."

When it was the defense's turn, Major Doyle and Lieutenant Smith more directly addressed the question of motive. They introduced evidence that Terry Helvey's violence may have been exacerbated by self-administered steroid injections. A subsequent defense psychiatrist testified that Terry's behavior was influenced by "a culture of physicality" and that there was evidence from magnetic resonance imaging of scarring on his brain, the hand-work of the abuse he had received as a child. He expounded on the influence alcohol might have played on Terry's inability to control his temper or break of holding a man when the fight was clearly won. Sheryl and Regina testified, Regina was on a position only a Greek trierite fan could do justice to—blinded in confusion herself to see her son in a strange and offering way she was at last, and at great cost to herself, recognizing her parental responsibility by detailing her failure as a parent. Terry's mother had forced her to consider having feelings of her own. She admitted to the court that she had taken LSD when she was pregnant with Terry. She told the court how Ron Lynch had always and her boys were laggard, and how he'd dragged them down the stairs by the hair and mailed them on their own excursion, and how despite the abuse he had received, Terry was upset when Ron went away and blamed his mother. More boxes of tissues were brought onto the court.

The jury was presented with a montage of photographs of Terry at the prom and Terry showing hoops and Terry meeting with his family. A television was wheeled in and suddenly the centers of Fredericks town were heard in Japan on videotape, telling how Terry had helped them out, how he'd bought up concrete and hauled firewood, and how he was the son of a guy who stayed in touch with old girlfriends and maintained to get the wa-

at bay on the bank, and he was the one person the family had never berated for. There was something surreal and sad in the way the investigators drilled on to absurdly irrelevant points. And the prosecutor finally obeyed.

"If everybody in town is behind him, does that mean we have to see everybody in town?" Captain Marchione asked. The defense agreed to face forward to the end of the rape. And there was Wade Helvey, his sister-in-law Irene hunched in front of a washing machine, speaking in a quiet, powerful voice. "If Terry did this to Alan, Schneider, he hasn't done anything different than what's been done to him a hundred times. All we ever wanted was to have a family where we felt safe and at home. Terry is still fighting for the family he never had. I don't understand how Terry could go through as much as he has and still be the person he is today. I don't believe I should sit here and pour my heart out for people who will never understand. I've tried talking but you can only have so much empathy. Terry Helvey was my family for the longest time. The only family I ever had, and for how long and he's going through this." While standing at the front. As far as I'm concerned he is one of the best people God ever put on this planet.

Lesterstein Smith earned off the videotape. Sheryl had already left in tears. Dorothy removed her glasses and was wiping her eyes, but her stare went hot with rage. She stared at Regina, whose face was a mask of checked grief, and then returned to the journalist in the second row. "How can she sit there with these things being and about her?"

Helvey stood numbly at the defense table. "Navy," Terry yelled on what happened to your finger?" Lesterstein Smith said.

He opened his mouth to speak but no words came out. He swallowed hard. His shoulders sagged. He bowed his head and then sat and put his face in his hands and sobbed silently. Lesterstein Smith requested a five-minute recess. From the gallery just a few feet behind him, Regina called out in a low voice, "Terry? Terry? Terry?" But he raised his hand and waved her off. He would not look at her. His blow has gone. He turned to face the curtain over the window, and then he put his hand under the curtain and stared out at the parking lot and the export traffic on Tokyo Bay.

He was able, a bit later, to collect himself enough to address the violence that it was ever more apparent he had little understanding of and even less ability to contain. His sentences came out in halting gulps, he choked and floundered like a drowning man. The pain he had caused him. Helvey was protesting his innocence. His powers of denial were breaking down, and now he was struggling to hold on to what he believed was good about himself in the face of what was undeniably bad. How could a man be over-achieving? He was being asked to account for the horrible things he had done even as he was fleeing, perhaps for the first time, the horrible things that had been done to him.

"I guess you could say I didn't care about too much," he had said just before the catheter. "The Marines taught me how to be nice to people. It was widely known, but I had returned because of my temper, and it's gone. I don't have a temper anymore."

And now afterward, tearing in circles. "I have always had a temper. I'm terribly sorry I have that emotion, I have hoped I could get rid of it. I can't, I wish I could."

"Did you attack Rudolphus Allen Schindler because he was a homosexual?" asked Lesterstein Smith.

"That is probably— No. I didn't in all honesty. I did not attack him because he's a homosexual. I can't decide what happened. I will never be able to look at it. He was not my enemy."

He sighed and fought for words. He apologized to the captain of the *Fellow Wind*, to his shipmates, to the captain of the *Fellow Wind*. "The *Fellow Wind* was a great ship, and Captain Brien—I probably ruined his career. I don't understand it, it's a way above my head, all the medals and the polacca." And then he apologized to Mrs. Helvey. "I know in my heart that Mrs. Helvey can never forgive me for what I have done. I can never expect her to forgive me. I did not want what happened to happen. If I had to do it over again, this would not have happened. I wish—I sense a letter to Mrs. Helvey. I would like to send it if it's all right."

And then he read his 671-word-long plea with you-son letter, with six hopes that someday she would forgive him for what he had done, and to please him that God knew what He was doing with their lives. After the jury returned from an hour deliberation to render a sentence of life imprisonment and a dishonorable discharge from the Navy—Terry swallowing hard and blanching, Dorothy Helvey sobbing and saying, "Thank you, thank you"—the whole show was abruptly folded up, hung, hung, hung. In a conference room off the courtroom, Helvey tried to give his letter of apology to Dorothy Helvey. She said, "What did Allen ever do to you?" And he said, "Nothing." And she said, "Then why did you kill him?" And he said, "I don't know." She had been told to restrain her emotions in the courtroom, and for the most part she had, but now she began to scream. "What did you ever do to me?" He couldn't meet her eyes. He could only whisper, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

X. JUST A SIMPLE GAY BASHING?

WHAT CAN'T BE FATHOMED in this story affair is the face of him, so brutal, pointful and somehow comically bizarre. Even if it may be hopelessly naive to expect broad-minded, empathetic people in the military, the tiny world of war doesn't put a premium on cultural sensitivity. But

there is something shocking about the way the question of gays in the military has generated so many casual predictions of violence: 60 percent of the troops responding to a Los Angeles Times poll said that violence was "likely" if openly gay people were permitted to serve. The statistic, like the death of Allen Schindler itself, invites the question—What is the American military for? Does it have something to do with the autonomy and dignity of the country's citizens? What are those values, and ought they be embodied in the members of the armed forces?

The tragedy of the ban, as it existed a year ago October and as it would exist in the future in the case of "don't ask, don't tell," is that it served to nourish rather than cure from the hatred in a soldier like Terry Helvey. In this sense Terry Helvey is as much a victim of the ban as Allen Schindler. No, there won't be legions of people weeping on his behalf. But Terry Helvey didn't have any better reason to hate legs than the Navy. They were just "disgusting" and "sucky" to him, the way they were stupidly "unacceptable" to the Navy. In his first statement to the NIS, he then twice blames Allen for the murder. Terry Helvey had the courtesy to suggest that in the future the Navy would be a safer place for everyone if it excluded gays rather than the sailors who felt like having them—on of the temptation was something no good sailor could resist, and a habitable queer in the berthing was tantamount to an emergency. Where could he have gotten an idea like that?

What if instead of coming to his confession and agreement, the U.S. Navy had tried to educate him? What if instead of acknowledging his bigotry with its tacit sanction, it had told him in no uncertain terms what it really stood when sailors in 1993. This Mack man who represents everything you have been taught to loathe and fear—this man whose poor culture has brought you up to be disgusted or "sucky" or "disgusting"—this man is your one hope, link together or sink alone. But and so says the Navy didn't lead Terry Helvey, a followed him—accommodated the worst of him and abandoned the best. The justice system out in the end was a strong rebuke to what he did, but by then it was too late: the poem.

Toward the end of the trial, Lesterstein Spier, one of the publicisticians officers at Yokosuka, said to me, "Still think it's just a simple gay bashing?" It took a few moments to realize that he believed the facts presented at the court-martial had more than justified the Navy's refusal to characterize the bashing as "a simple gay bashing." It was more complex than that, and he seemed almost proud that the Navy like a great novelist, had not given in to easy stereotypes, the black and white of op-ed bloggers, but had by an *à la carte* dinner chosen the gray nuances of real life. Yes, one

had to guess him that it probably wasn't just "a simple gay bashing." But when had there ever been such a thing as that? And what sort of comfort was he finding in yet more proof of the depth and complexity of hatred?

"I believe Terry Helvey killed my son because of all the hatred in him and because Allen was gay," Dorothy Helvey said several weeks after the court-martial. "If Allen had been a blacker, he would have killed him. Whoever he ran into who was different, he would have killed."

XI. A FALL NIGHT

IT MAY NEVER BE POSSIBLE to fully unravel why Allen Schindler was killed, the stuff of why being too fine and tangled for the hands of the law. As for what happened in the Suburban on October 25, 1993, it was not the court-martial that provided the clearest picture but the investigations the Navy conducted immediately after the shooting was rendered, the statements Helvey and Vasa gave to the NIS, the psychological evaluations, the autopsy report, an extensive compilation of fact.

It is from these papers that one can follow two lives intersecting on a fall night, a night that would take its place with six thousand others on the coast of Texas. The Pacific dispatch Terry Helvey and three buddies to watch a movie called *Single White Female* in the back theater. Afterward they took up on beer, vodka, and pepperoni schnapps, and they start drinking on the bleachers in Newcar Park—Newcar Park, with its green vintage-and-brown substandard standing over the ball field like a nostalgic taste of simple comforts and easy distractions. The snicker drunk until nearly 10 on. They are approached by the show parent, one of whom is Artiles Potts, a Cuban-born under-30s young man. Terry Helvey has brought Helvey parents and looking to help. He tells Terry Helvey and his friends that the park is closing soon, and so the father goes. Newcar Park. They walk through Samba Park. The threatened, cautious, wary character of a local, hurried flight beyond the branches of the cam-



"YOU KNOW WHAT I AM": Schindler on leave, shortly before coming out to his Navy superiors.

The tragedy of the ban is that it nourished rather than confronted the hatred in sailors like Helvey.

glove men. They cross Albuquerque Bridge. They come to front Corbett, the intersection in Sailor Town where short patrolmen often hang out. The focused air of the river is mingled with the smell of fried meat and beer. Then they split up. Tony Fink and James Floyd Wilk caperately head off for dance. Helvey and Viss were intending to go along, but Helvey has spotted Allen Schneider smoking through Sailor Town.

He has heard the rumors that Schneider is gay and is being discharged. He doesn't like Schneider. He was assigned to clean a passageway with him on a work detail at March, and Schneider, who looked higher, had bossed him around.

"Let's go fuck with him," Helvey says to Viss. They follow Schneider on a roundabout route through Sailor Town. Now he is heading toward the river. Now he is crossing Albuquerque Bridge. They head toward the river. They cross Albuquerque Bridge. They lose their quarry for a moment behind bushes. Helvey points to the bathroom near the indoor swimming pool. "He walked in there." They are about fifteen yards away. Helvey breaks into a run and disappears inside. You walk up into the dining room, granite and the bathroom, he can see Schneider facing one of the attendants. Helvey is facing the attendants now to have his right hand raised beside his head and rocked in a fit.

This is the frozen-frame moment on which Helvey will offer a fiction of memory and doom. "I glanced over my left shoulder and that was when I noticed it was Schneider. He was smiling at me and just said, 'Hi.' I recall he was standing behind me but at sort of an angle to me. I believe he was wearing a black outfit of some kind, maybe a black sweater and black slacks. I recall his slacks being unbuttoned and pulled down from his waist, exposing his penis. I do not remember if he had an erection. I was very surprised and frightened as he approached me. At that point, I just reacted and struck Schneider hard in the nose with my fist. I remember striking Schneider three times, a stomp, before he hit the floor. I know that I hit him hard because he hit me unconscious and fell to the floor by the window on the far right side. At that point I felt scared and confused but you still out of control. I went down to the floor with Schneider and continued to punch him.

A day later he was arrested. On January 7, I saw Schneider walk up to my left and put his right hand on my left shoulder. He had his left hand down at his crotch area. He did not have his pants on, and his pants were not down. I said that yesterday because I was trying to make those people reading this think that I was more justified in hitting Schneider. I regret that I said his pants were down. I want to add that I felt threatened with him standing beside me. He moved toward me first, we both a smile and said, 'Hi.' I am afraid of faggots and I was scared. I felt boxed in and I reacted."

In fact, Schneider does not say anything. No words are exchanged. He comes to look at Helvey—merely, thinks

Viss, to register the man beside him. And then Viss sees Helvey's fist crash down on Schneider's face. Viss sees Schneider fall head to the floor. Still no words are exchanged. Helvey bends down behind Schneider and clamps him in a headlock, choking him. Schneider throws his arms up, struggling to break free. He hits Helvey's right arm.

"The son of a bitch hit me!" Helvey yells. Viss now abandons the role of tagging pal and moves in, intending to break the deadlocked couple apart. He delivers a kick to Schneider's head, a kick that is perhaps even more morally problematic than Helvey's vicious assault on Schneider's face, for it runs not from emotion but from what Viss believes is logic. The kick was unprovoked, he will explain later, "just hard enough" to get Schneider to "release his grip from Helvey." And Schneider does let go of Helvey. And Helvey loses off choking Schneider. The gay sailor crouches on his feet dazed but conscious. The bathroom is bathed in fluorescent light. Viss now thinks Schneider is going to lunge at him, and to solve this problem, he kicks Schneider again on his left side. And then he looks back again, and then again.

"Chad!" says Helvey moving Viss aside. He'll finish what he started. Helvey swings his leg. His foot whacks against Schneider's head and the gay sailor spirals backward, not to rise again. He hits beside a white Tino urn, near the sea through glass, and Helvey locks him in well, again and again and again, his arms flying up each time for emphasis. "Who—or what—is he trying to kill?" his military psychiatrist will ask months from now. "It looked like he was kicking a soccer ball," Viss will recall. "I kept hearing thuds every time he locked him. Helvey locked Schneider to the left side of his head at least five to ten times real hard. Blood was all over the place. His [Schneider's] face was covered with blood. Helvey then started down and began to kick and stomp on Schneider's chest and torso. . . . Everything happened so fast. He used his right foot most of the time. I could not tell you how many times he locked and stomped on his chest, but it was several. It lasted at least thirty seconds."

The sounds that have now faded two miles to the outside of the bathroom, where they are peering through the fish-eye glass, are not those of a couple having sex but the expulsion of air forced from Schneider's lungs by the puny smle of Helvey's locker. Blood, hair, spittle, liver, bladder, penis. Helvey works his way down, before Viss leaves, he sees the armen perform one final bit of violence so bizarre it seems almost ceremonial, a twisted rite to seal a midnight passion. Helvey steps hard on Schneider's neck and shins all his weight, 220 pounds, onto the dying man's throat. He begins there a moment. Viss runs from the bathroom in what he will swear the world to believe is honor, and a moment later he feels Helvey right behind him. They return to the river to clean themselves of a stupor's blood. And James Allen R. Schneider lies down on that dirt floor, unconscious and near death. He knows nothing of the new life to come. ■

National Football League team

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New expanded monthly guide to clothing, style, and manners

On Fashion: Woody Hochswender

Tempest in a B-cup

ARE MEN READY for women to go topless on the street? An article in *The Village Voice* last summer reported that feminist and lesbian groups had been demonstrating around New York to affirm their right to go shirtless in public. "When I walk down the streets, I have a sense of power," said a woman who routinely appeared in public without a top and is a member of an organization called Titi Liberation. The article made a distinction between *topless* and the more politically correct *topfree*. You see, *topless* is a word associated with pornography and "women dancing for the entertainment of men."

Some *topfree* takes the pulse of the culture at every opportunity, a missed only logical to arrange a photograph of a beautiful Swedish model walking down Fifth Avenue sans top. We set up on the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue on a fall morning that just happened to be the day the President of the United States was in town for a speech to the United Na-

tions. The cameramen was filled with thousands of police. Change of State Service agents hovered around. Diplomatic motorcades whizzed by. Construction workers and policemen expressed polite appreciation. There was some whistling but from a discreet distance. One of New York's finest pulled over to his squad car and wanted to know, "Is she a supermodel?"

It is important to note that this *topfree* exercise was legal. A year ago, the New York State Court of Appeals ruled that women have the right to go topless—or "top untopped," as the New York press put it—wherever men do, so long as they do not behave in a lewd manner. We also shot on Fifth Avenue just north of the Flatiron Building near Twenty-third Street. Bicycle man-



Street in style: A walk down Fifth Avenue will go shirt and a lot of chest up.

gers cordoned the traffic stand like sharks. People pressed against the windows of the Fifth Avenue bus in fascination. But in general, the crowd was very New York, which is to say blunt. Bus windows cracked by without passing. Most of the gaps lasted down quickly, serious not to seem to be ogling. The sun of *topfree* liberation, according to the *New York* article by Evelyn McDonnell, is "to make women's nakedness so commonplace that their image is no longer controlled by photographers, Madison Avenue, or other merchants of idealized women's bodies." In the long run this is a notion that might make men more fascinated than thrilled. We watch skirts rise with great enthusiasm, but sometimes we be-



some uncomfortable when the tops come down. Stopped at my resort, the heat took its usual charge.

We asked Candice Ficht, the author and Doris Wilder of *Portraitism*, to comment on the topless phenomenon. "I applaud confidence of this kind," Ficht says. "I want to see more bodies revealed. Unfortunately, the women who tend to do this, in gay parties and such, are big fat syles. Also, the ideology behind it is incoherent. These are the same women who would object to men staring at their breasts. I say, fuck it, be prepared to handle the sexual response."

Ironically, such demonstrative acts play right into the sex fixation of a certain type of guy. But in the end, we are talking about a certain dimension of glamour. Our gaze is also our lust. It's like people who get completely made on the beach. Nothing is left to the mere recognition. Then there is the simple matter of one and social stinky bare breasts are a big reach, for instance, to contemplate by the copying machine.

In the meantime a few bold women will keep trying to undo centuries of culture and civilization. It's just something they need to get off their chests.

Notes on the future of men's wear, 1994

HEMLETS ARE LOW for spring. My wife's referring about you, dad, the guy with the shaved head and the dragon tattoo. You will look striking in a long wrap shirt, like the ones shown by Giorgio

The open heart: Naked goes double-breasted among the suits. Her best, short, gloves, and shoes by Donna Karan.

Fashion notes for spring: Why do they insist on showing this stuff?



Shapely ankles: Thick braques and a long tulle at John Bartlett's men's wear show.

Arsenio, Dolce & Gabbana, Krizia, and Donna Karan in their spring men's-wear collections. Of course, at some shows, like John Bartlett's in New York, short lengths were shorter, to show off a bit of newly thigh and a cuff exposed in black-garter belt and business-suits socks. As they say, it's all about options.

How again is a style that should be confined to the beach. Why do they insist on showing this stuff when they must realize that we are never going to wear it? Some things are beyond the pale, and shirts for men are certainly one of them.

Actually, we did run into a friend wearing one at the opening of Barneys New York on Madison Avenue.



James Perrell, a shoe designer, ripped code books in his Perreer-sports evening jacket and black, pleated, silk-falls shirt. It was kind of a wrap affair, with a safety-pin fastener to add a punk touch. Like Perrell, who has okay legs, seemed

quite pleased with himself. Other strange looks from the spring men's collections: Bartlett's new Marc Krutznick style, with his shiny-headed models in flowing orange robes and showstopping poses. This is part of the bewitching optical look that continues to pervade fashion. The Induana collection by Fabrizio Pironi also featured this loose, apron-wandering serenity. He displayed an interesting model, including a duster-



Fashionable apathy: Religious looks continue to turn up. Like Donna Karan's clerical collar, above, and John Bartlett's Krishna types, left.

gambled looking shiny men, Isabella Rossellini, and magazine editor Martha Stewart.

Donna Karan's soul-searching styles included Nehru jackets and corollary black wool suit jackets reminiscent of the ones worn by Hinduic Jews. Nehru jackets, by the way, are being shown by fashion designers way out of proportion to the numbers of men who actually



Headline hysteria: Lengths are longer for men this season. Rippled sarongs, above, from Donna Karan's spring show.

wear them. This appears to have something to do with the ne-which looks rather odd under the Nehru robes and bring back the hand collar shirt. (The over-weight Arrow Short Company is producing a hand-collar shirt with unstable collar as a promotional item this season.)

Sometimes men's fashion is more interesting because of the things that we absolutely refuse to wear—styles we are depressed



Turn and tutored: Model at John Bartlett's show wears shrouded tunic and temporary neck tattoo.



Open a window: Some designers are better left unmade, like periton. Beware of a hidden-lined shirt.

BOOKS IN STYLE

The Button Thing

TO BE extremely buttoned up or supremely unbuttoned,

that is the question. With three-, four-, and even five-button suits becoming the norm in fashion collections—and long, multiple-button waistcoats being shown underneath jackets—today's men have quite an array of buttons to deal with. On the one hand, the high-button stance of suits, in both single-breasted and double-breasted models, raises and fixes the silhouette and



lets itself to a more upright, dandyish look.

But men on the street and designers in their runway shows frequently opt to leave the entire ensemble unbuttoned except for the top, for a casual, economy effect. Historically, this was known as English- or Richmond-style tailoring, according to a newly illustrated new tome, *A History of Men's Fashion* (Picador), by David Choixotte, a French scholar who examines the tradi-

tions of men's wear in meticulous detail.

In the nineteenth century men typically wore their jackets buttoned at the waist and open at the chest. But by mid-century this gave way to the mode of buttoning only the top. The pocket had no lip buttons or pleats and was cut sharply away from the first or second button, showing the waist and neck of the vest. In other words, very similar to the look of spring 1994 collections.

Top button only: The look of *History of Men's Fashion* traces the practice of buttoning the top button on men's jackets to the mid-nineteenth century, when Malvern was a pin-down length. Above: Top and Calvin Klein, far left.



Suit and shorts: Three-button wheat-plaid suit from Calvin Klein's spring collection.

What would a be like to look really natural? Calvin Klein, a longtime proponent of natural fabrics, showed plenty of men with the new higher-button stance, which affords a craned view of shirt and neck in direct counterpoint to the 1980s suit. These softly unlined personas, with their increasing trousers and kilts, make it possible to be tailored and comfortable and still look terrific.

FITZES SCHERMAN



BROOKS BROTHERS
LIGHT ON THE STAGE

THESE DAYS, you never know. Is the sport coat a CEO or a new-oriented MBA? Is that the raffish look in the happy pants or a corporate PPAC Friday-bring? Success today is often, as of olden, the wear the same label lights for 175 years. (Washed with care, \$349. Cashmere cardigan, \$299. Casual knit sport coat, \$155.)

Down, Boys

Around now you're thinking about warmth, not fashion. But feather-filled clothes, with their puffy shapes, have achieved a sort of Michelin-man chic on the street. On these pages, form and function intersect in various down-filled garments.

Photographs by
Marc Hom



Puff pieces:

Embeth Davidtz, who makes her major-film debut in Steven Spielberg's *Schindler's List*, covers up in down mittens by the North Face. Opposite: Identical-twin models Marc and Ian Hundley in a down parka by Downa Karna New York.



Down, Boys



Feathered Giants: Howard Cross (left) and Mike Sherrard, receivers for the New York Giants, warm their wheels in down-filled pants by the North Face.



Bagged bird: Los Angeles native Eve Bshara, author of the recent short-story collection *Black Swans* (Knopf), snuggles in a down-filled sleeping bag by the North Face.

Down family: Adrian Mooson, an aspiring horror-film producer, with his wife, Delara, a model, and their son, Robin. Adrian and Delara wear down vests by the North Face; Robin wears a poly-fill vest by DKNY Kids.



Personal vest: Actor Dechen Thurman, brother of Uma and a founding member of Tyler Theater in New York, wears a down vest by Garry, parka by DKNY Kids, shirt by Paul Smith, and hat by New York Hat & Cap Co.

For store information
see page 153.



Party



Time

Even if the invitation doesn't call for black tie, the basic premise—black and white—is still sound. And don't forget the trimmings.

Stay out late and keep track of the time with a stainless-steel pocket watch by IWC. Opposite: Velvet suit and cotton ruffle shirt by Paul Smith; leather boots by Charles Jourdan; belt by Jennie Belts; silver ring by Robert Lee Marro. Her clothes by Byblos. Karaoke machine by DK Singapore, NYC.

Photographs
by Troy Word





Full hand over heels in a pair of patent-leather boots by J. Ferrerini. Opposite: Vinyl sport jacket by Katharine Hamnett, cotton T-shirt by Comme des Garçons Homme Plus by Rei Kawakubo, velvet trousers by Paul Smith, boots by Chappena Boots; silver rings by Robert Lee Harris. Her clothes by Dolce & Gabbana.





King in the new wearing
Luzoro's silver-and-
hand-carved-carne-
ring. Opposite: Wool
military jacket and
leather trousers
by D&B, cotton
band-collar shirt by
Bykko; leather boots
by J. Penetrier.
Her clothes by Genay.





Always keep something up your sleeve, like these white-gold panther cuff links with emerald eyes and onyx nose by Cartier. Opposite: Velvet vest by Versus by Gianni Versace; shirt by Katharine Hamnett; leather trousers and boots by Harley-Davidson; hermitic cuff links by Jaded. Large photo is optional. Her clothes by Ferrnando Sanchez

PartyTime

And here a belt that shines like Robert Lee Morris's lizard belt with sterling-silver buckle. **Opposite:** Single-breasted wool suit with Nehru collar and cotton shirt by Valentino Couture. Her clothes by Pamela Dennis.

For more information see page 150.

PHOTO STYLING BY ANNA POLITANU

Miss Snowden's etiquette guide
to the most gracious and considerate behavior for
when a lady sticks it right in your face

The Naked Truth About Strip Joints

By Lynn Snowden

STRIPPING MAY NOT BE the most important philosophical issue of our time. In fact, what could be more retro, less politically correct? Yet sooner or later every man must face the siren call of a naked woman undulating toward him on a seamy, spotlight stage, her G-string stuffed with dollar bills. How a man behaves in such circumstances says a lot about him. Does he howl at the stage like a dog at bait? Does he look from the spectacle like a young George Wulf? Or does he sit with unassuming grace and courtesy, distinguishing himself from the rude, slandering mob?

In order to acquire oneself with honor in these raucous times, it helps to be conversant in the secrets of the world's second oldest profession. For three weeks I stripped under the name of Dolores Hitz at the Bourbon Baroque, a charmingly seamy joint on Bourbon Street in New Orleans. What I didn't discuss on my own I learned from GGG, the premier stripper of her generation, a woman with a personal apple, flowers tattooed on her limbs, and a degree in industry of change from Penn Institute. What follows is a brief handbook to the shadow world of stripping, a kindly Beelzebub to the absolutely naked truth.

Why do I call myself Dolores if my real name is Lynn?
A stripper's real name is something no one, just about the only secret she retains. Here's what I mean: One night I walk into the dressing room to see a stripper crying. We know her as Brady, the one who dances rather famously to "I Hate Myself for Loving You." She looks up from the dressing room table. "My ex-boyfriend won't leave

me alone," she says, sobbing in great gulps. "He came in and screamed my real name right across the bar!"

Girls often spend minutes at a time desperately trying to get you to tell them your real name, so it seems more odd calling a scene that what's beneath your tiny strip of a G-string. GGG, who took her stage name from an Aldous Huxley story, suggests a visit to the cheap-perfume department of a drugstore for inspiration. "Hi, I'm Caren," I'm Charlie," "Yes, Yoko." I decide on Dolores Hitz, which happens to be Lolita's real name in Nabokov's novel. The only one who recognizes this is a biker who happens to be a film buff, and so I spin a story about NYU film school and how I'm working on a screenplay about strippers. This has the desired effect of his pressing forty dollars into my hand for two table dances that I don't actually have to do. "I don't like people to watch my private business," he says, "but I'd like you to have the money." Above anything else, this is what strippers really like to hear.

Why should you buy me a cranberry juice and Sprite—for twenty-four dollars?

Because they're called "cheapsque cocktails," and we're not allowed to drink anything else. We have to sell six drinks a night or we don't get paid our four-dollar-per-hour wage, but don't forget that you get to drink with a back-naked stranger. Of course, the price can occasionally discourage the frenzied exchange of workpieces. When a guy from New Jersey is told, "I'm 11 for twenty-four dollars" as my drink arrives, he starts to sneeze and says, "Don't fucking put that shit with me!" He refuses to pay and so his friend offers to buy my drink. "Go as with him!" I'm told.

I always seem. His friend looks at my "cheapsque," then back to me, and says, "If you tell me that I just paid twenty-four dollars for a fucking Caspari and soda"—he pauses for emphasis—"I'll slap the shit out of you." And

How to stuff a wild G-string: The author, seated, with her mentor GGG at the Bourbon Baroque in New Orleans.



When you're a stripper, even close physical proximity isn't without its dangers—GiO once broke a guy's nose with her crotch.

she's why you might notice, the big gorilla is the right man on at the door. They call them bossmen.

How do I ensure that you will give me a good tip?

The first trick is to make eye contact, so it's the only way to make money. It provides power and control, a feeling to someone that it becomes my special gift. However, I also learn that a boss' love to slowly rip off my clothes, writhing around on the floor, crotch raised, crowd around on all fours, waving money around in the air, yelp, sit up and down on it, do splits, and then put my arms behind my head. We look at the guys. Can you imagine this in your bed? What would it be like to do it like this? Oh, yeah! How about that? This is why a guy's face looks so swollen while watching us or why I like that and I can't do that when she's thinking. Of course, if all this fails, we can use GiO's trick. Remove a G-string, dip the crotch into a guy's beer, and then swing it out into his open, panting mouth.

Do we get, uh, excited when we're onstage?

No, not unless we're being handed really big bills. Most guys don't want to believe that. One customer insists at one the whole time I'm onstage but never comes up to tip. After I finish, I go over to him and ask if he enjoyed the show. "Yes, I did," he said. Oh she hit French, I think. Not, as a rule, good tips. "I like me girls who smile."

I smile again. "If you liked it, you should have given me a tip," I say.

"So why are you so smiling at me?" he says indignantly. "To get me a dollar! But why are you doing most of the work?"

So, you lacking money.

Do we strip completely naked?

No. There's a little bit of coverage that strippers call any type and that the medical profession calls Micropro surgical tape, as strippers in many states, including Louisiana, must cover the crotch of their nipples somehow, whether it's with a thin coating of latex or the sheer type. Tape is preferable to latex because you can cut two small strips and wrap the nipple in such a way as to ensure it remains in the perfect upright, perky position no matter what. Ironically, most guys in the club remain unaware that there is anything on your nipples at all.

We also wear a narrow, triangular piece of fabric that disappears down to a point where it turns into string no wider than dental floss, requiring such a thorough removal of pubic hair that you begin to wonder if you shouldn't just shave it all off and be done with it. You put that little scarp on and see how fully dressed you feel.

How strip do we get ourselves so, um, smooth?

Most strippers do my sugarcane wax hair. It's a real treat as if you put on your makeup every time. (It's "Waxing Formosa," says GiO, "with extra beaver in butt") in fitting quality between your legs. You just have to be fuzzy in the club, that's all. Other little dressing-room tips that I picked up from my colleagues during my previous career that the well-informed male might like to know are number one,

shave under your arms every day, number two, always point your toes onstage, and number three, always cut the string off your onstage.

Do the dancers ever sleep with the customers?

That is a delicate question, but let me tell a story that will give the average man sufficient insight. One night, I'm putting my clothes back on in the dressing room when a stripper named Christie came in. She had been sitting upstairs with some guy who was tipping me very well while I danced.

"I have to ask you something," she says a little breathlessly. "Are you bi?"

"No."

"Can you pretend to be bi?" she asks. "See, this doctor," she says, proudly waving his business card. "Alleged doctor. I'm thinking. Probably a phony business card." He wants us to go back to his hotel room and do this for some fee for \$400. Two hundred for me and two hundred for you."

"No, I don't think so."

"Well, I thought so. The crying to think who's bi is the dab who I can ask."

Christie looks at another stripper in the dressing room. "What about you? He liked you?"

"No, no!" she says.

What are the dangers of getting too close to a stripper?

The danger is that you won't be able to separate her act onstage from your sex together off it. GiO warned me not to let my husband see the strip, so when that act is in a certain amount of pain in my abilities to hold "bed ideas," she said. "He doesn't want to see you breaking over to get a dollar from some dumbass! And anyway," she said, "they start to wonder." They, meaning male partners, wonder about what is real. It disappears here! was, anyway, as it was and I like enjoying myself in bed with me or it that she's? Naturally, being so confident about what you do for a living does a relationship from the start. Strippers think there's something sleazy about a guy who approves of what they do, and it's impossible to date a guy who doesn't.

Even close physical proximity isn't without its dangers—GiO once broke a guy's nose with her crotch when he sexual beds in his chair and put his head on the stage with a dollar bill in his mouth. "I meant to do the split over him and stop short right over his face," she says. "But I slipped, lost my footing, and when I slammed down right on his nose and just broke it! The first thing the guy said as he sat up with blood streaming down his face was, 'What am I going to tell my wife?'"

Are there real?

Well, states are, but strippers often resist to plastic surgery sooner or later. "I've seen some," says GiO, who can wiggle her breasts around wondrously. "I'm Hans and Franz at a post-dance. 'Boss! I wanted until just a few years ago. GiO did it.' Because it basically gave me a longer shaft life in this business. I would have made them bigger, but I didn't have enough skin! They're silicone," she says. "I figure they'll disintegrate about the time that I do." It

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[continued from page 50] are looking for now is a sign that projects like *And the Band Played On* and *Philadelphia* are not the products of a passing fad. "There is an atmosphere of mistrust now, after what happened with Clinton's military policy," says Goff.

And there is still plenty of evidence that anything with a gay connotation will make the men in suits nervous. When Tim Cruise landed the lead role of the vampire Lestat in the movie version of Anne Rice's *Interview with the Vampire*, columnist Liz Smith reported that the homosexual scenes in the script were being cut. (Cruise denies this.)

Unless *Philadelphia*'s rickety receipts are substantial, studio nervousness may kill a number of recent projects that are now in one stage of development or another, including *Stalin's The Major* of CBS' Scott Brown's *Stromboli*'s version of the Larry Kramer play *The Normal Heart*, David Geffen's production of *Mass for John and Ash*, and a Francis Ford Coppola project called *The Gun*. Director's production company is also developing a CBS comedy with gay themes to be directed by Enrique Obregon.

Schizophrenia is the coolant in Turner's marketing strategy for *Philadelphia*, which is being played pretty straight. The ads will plug Hanks and Washington and hit on the universal theme of the fight for justice. "There is a certain schizophrenia there," observes Goff. "One message they say it's not a gay movie; the next they're saying it is and holding a gay press conference. There's less of insensitivity about it."

The *Philadelphia* chain is its just good business. "We're going to have a five-dollar advertising budget, and most of it will go to advertising the movie as a courtroom drama," concedes Simon. "But when all the publicity surrounding the movie, and all the media, will be saying, AIDS, AIDS, AIDS," it is really a matter of trying to balance what will be the disease aspect of the movie."

Philadelphia is unlikely to satisfy all the critics praising their heroes on the screen. As Simon says, the *Kramer*ers are on target to a downward-of-year-olds, despite-if-you-don't-want-it. "Nobody would be writing these things as ad copy how commercial that picture is if it was a movie starring Tom Hanks and Donald Washington and one of them was holding a gun?"

[continued from page 50] first to go to university the first to play an instrument or to point a picture that anyone wants to see. He will be the King of Tempus. For the cinema, and the pleasure, appeal in England evenness.

Reason, for one, will not push. He says all politics is soap, unseasonal-by-business. "Start of a dirty subject, making money. Good, maybe just kind of did not go out for it. I mean, one of the reasons you're raging on it there aren't many newspapers in Britain. We've got the *Times*, *Telegraph*. We could be a lot more positive. I mean, look at the movies. We're not making our own films—we've got great talent and it all being made by American studios. You know, the tax laws were changed in '84...."

IT'S NOT THE TAX LAWS. There is no British *Shakespeare*-style-theater-theater-expressions more successful than Kenneth Branagh. He gets Americans to watch *Shakespeare*—that's magic. New York magazine wrote him up as a hyperactive big knee, spotlight, girls screaming... Branagh is huge, right? So I mentioned his name at the office of an English magazine—the drama writer and his drinkmaker. Turns out, in England, we hate Kenneth Branagh.

Here's part of what they said: "Well, there's no few successful English actors, and this guy gets to do whatever he wants...."

"I think that's probably an English thing you know, they're all talking about English actors leaving to go to America to become successful and this guy managed to do it within the home set in England, off his own bat, and I think that must make a lot of people sort of see offense and think that something you know—out quite on the straight and narrow...."

"The English, any success is, you know...."

"But the difference is... generally suspicious of success, any success very young like that...."

"Difference is you wouldn't be going a number of people their names. You, for people aren't sure who always cast his up at the leading role...."

"A truly fascinating wife...."

"An exceptionally fascinating little wife, who, ah...."

Enter Thompson, fascinating scripted love, happened love, like she's a disability, and it's all a

basic scene, and she, ah.

"Like Richard Attenborough...."

"Dorian Attenborough...."

"Aren't his the great master of art of self-worship, middle class...."

"And this sort of whole thing, they all come out of Cambridge, they're all Cambridge, sort of, you know, Footlights, or drama group, whatever it is. And they're all friends. And it's like, I think people feel you know... they're all in each other's throats, they're all being successful together...."

"...how to do with Branagh's face. He has the sort of ugly, distorted beauty you like, ah...."

"He is incredibly there's something so repulsive about him, physically, I mean, I think it's in a way sort of...."

"Repellent...."

"Repellent. Hat He is repellent...."

THE AUSTRALIANS CALL it the Tall Poppy Syndrome. It means any flower that grows above the others gets whacked down first.

They know whereof they speak—once in England, it's Australians who call for the tabloids. And the British do live a nice browse through the papers—slowest national daily, available in every town and village, find twenty million readers a day. The tabloids harvest the bulk of that crop, they've become the nation's arbiters of manners and customs.

But it's not quite as greatly appreciated as the morale. It's blood-spilling-the skill. Or it's more like bullfighting. At the end of the day, it pays.

It was the tabloids that started the government wobbles when they went to work on a tap from a worn-out clerk. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's credit card was overdrawn. He (it turned out the story wasn't true—but the scent of panic was on the trail, the chancellor didn't hold on long.)

The son, Rupert Murdoch's marketeer, fired the first shots at the royal family; his father, old, Tory, was responsible to *Andrew Marriner*, author of *Dance the True Step*, the book-length exposé that witnessed the palace lord (for that matter, Murdoch's quality showpiece, *The Sunday Times*, seems just as intent on gutting down Britain's establishment. Perhaps Mr. Murdoch should be invited to meet porters.)



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But it's gone beyond targets in high places now. Every other nation celebrates a weekly multiple birth. In Britain, the parents of twinnings were scorned—Oscar? They weren't even married—and the odds were for the cock of the National Health Service doctor who authorized fertility insurance. The closest thing Britain had to a love this year was royal colonial Feb. 27—was, who distinguished himself for bravery in Bosnia—until the tabloids shot him down in a heap when they found out his marriage was scarcely taken up with a Swiss relief worker in Sarajevo.

It's almost always sex or something personal lives, pervasiveness of every sort—the weapons of tabloid killers. But it's gone beyond subplots, too. For the "quality" papers will follow *The Sun*—to attack the current paper with "quality" ones that lean as decided by a cabinet gathering. And what adds this year's dimes are royal books but the same day and table, too and are, were thick on shiny covers embossed with gold crowns? *The Bill of Death of the King and Bill of Mirrors of the Terrible Secret of Behind*—Peter Hall, Royal Marriage Queen, the Royal the Ministry, the Minister, Chuck and Di—were and words. It's still the whiff of blood wafting over the bookish dinner.

Books are just the appetizer next of Britain's new growth sector—the DeLuxe Industry. And as Mr. Major would say, the number look good.

Anthony Holden (*The Terrible Queen*) kindly fit me in between a BBC crew and a visit from French television. We sat in the most garden behind his house while Holden instructed me on the obvious, great and words of the Windsor. "Don't in them feel you that crisp about it being all told up in pieces as art and musical treatment. And now she wants to charge an eight pounds to go into Buckingham Palace—it's obvious!" Also, we were soon interrupted calls for interviews, his fax was buzzing. And you a size for it was, though rarely utilization next to his official, great—made—like a table wanted to get high fiddle in a house that size, especially with demanding music, open, an impressive silhouette and stereo in that big garden (no three of dancing, it seemed to back up upon public perfumed)—well, I mind at the stereo and had almost no time to catalogue the pervasiveness of all these con-

forts—the crowded henhouse! Holden's (1993) Prince Charles biography and his second (eight years later) Prince Charles biography; his Charles-and-Diana fairy tale marriage book (1994), *Once Royal Power Reign* (1994), his Queen Mum biography (1994), *A Proper Marriage* (1994), *The Anthony Holden Royal Quiz* book, *The Anthony Holden Royal Quiz* computer video game—and that the near telly crowd lean upon as the real for the warty apothecary in troubled crown.

As far as I could determine, the only blot on this profane picture is the looming silhouette of King Kelley, the American author, with her multimillion-dollar batches posed as Prince Philip's neck. Loose it to the English to suffer foreign competition, even in the industry of self-fashioning.

BUT IT WON'T BE THIS many numbers of royal bookshelves that finished me in England. Not even my chance to say goodbye to the Queen. It was a small article in *The Independent*, that quiet "quality" paper, the story was about Graham Gooch.

It was a warning, really—advice to Mr. Gooch to step down immediately as captain of England's cricket side—before the two test matches with Australia before the previous Ashes but last again—to step down (and here is the crux) last even Graham Gooch become "a talented cricketer."

The term is laural. With every loss by England's soccer team, for instance, the face of the coach, Graham Taylor, would loom on *The Sun*'s back page—big as life but squashed by comparison to the shape of a hand vaginal silk, with the top of his skull a hard purple, and a fibrous orange gray patch in the middle, such as nerves have when they're cut from the stalk. For special occasions, such as England's loss to Norway, Taylor would emerge on the front page with a sombrero (WOMAN MANSURE), and then appear as tarring on the back—in this case, with his widge-head looming over a staining pile of horse droppings, under two headlines: TWO WARRIORS STALL IN BACK AS ENGLAND—YOU'VE GONE AND DONE IT AGAIN, ENGLAND. (Cynical, at the crucial moment when England lost to America, *The Sun* could not pull the ramp-up-trigger and contented itself with a straightforward scorch black type TAVES.)

PLAINS IS TAVES MUST GO. They were appalled by the *Top Daily Mirror*—another national under Taylor's crag on a poster, "Wanted—Dead or Alive" and a row of bullet holes across his skull.)

You get used to that—personal outrage—and through a complicated process of grief you can even come to accept, in time, that England's side is really (I gave England eventually) a team of the All-Blacks of New Zealand—or that it's now been fifty-seven years since an Englishman was the men's singles at Wimbledon (in the game and showcase England gave to the world). After a while, it makes sense that England's one famously talented soccer doctor should prefer to drive holy cars in America—or that England's greatest horse race, the Grand National, would dissolve from its importance into a film-start make (the race never even occurred, officially)—just as the tabloids must convince you, in the end, that England's one divine soccer star, Paul Gascoigne, has become a fit, wistful boomer.

But, moreover, I thought cricketer was different—gender, instance in instance. It's unlike any other sport—I never could master all those bewildering rules—but still one creates some its own, language—and its unique rhythm. At first match takes five days—counting pauses for sleep, and meals, and morning drinks, and routine in the afternoon, and polite applause from the fans whenever something should actually happen, which across consists of one delivery every minute or so from the bowler, who occupies the time between by walking back half the length of the outfield, rubbing the ball on the ground of his white pants, pausing perhaps to sniff his white sweater and hand it to the umpire, or to have a quiet word with his captain on tactics, after which he will stride himself to jog in half the length of the outfield and bounce the ball once again as the batter who is "taking strike," i.e., most probably, allowing the ball to bounce (initially off his shin pad, where it comes to rest in the grass a few feet from his feet, where upon a white-clad fielder will stroll in to pick it up, toss it underhand to the bowler again, so he can walk half the length of the outfield, rubbing his crutch). It's a steady game.

And it's that rhythm of infinite pace that makes cricket such as English

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game as generations of women have observed, a mirror of this nation's culture requires concentration over time. For players and fans, it rewards patience—and that most English attribute, doggedness through discomfort. With its curious interplay of offense and defense (the bowler is "striking," the batsman is "defending his wicket"), it celebrates the brilliant power aggression by which the English make the most successful nation of our century. (Not counting our unpopularity in North America—which was, after all, Englishmen against Englishmen—the nation last lost a war in 1916.) Cricketer is a game about not losing. After five days, there may still be no winner—especially if the batsman are selfish, which is to say, adept at not losing. For a batsman can bat until he is "given out." He can score (score again!) a hundred runs in one inning; the test is for hours—which brings us back to Captain Gooch.

Gooch is not pretty, nor even athletically graceful. He's a man made of stone in an English culture, nonetheless, between gray and brown, his thirty-year-old face is serene about the eyes and permits only one change of expression—from a cold, brooding stare to a sour wince when his team loses a chance away. His dark, flat-mustache turns down in perpetual disappointment, his slender nose the moustache droop. Gooch is not captain for his inspirational speeches, nor for his clever quips in the papers. He barely talks. He cannot lose the last find so that instantly alters his countrymen to his working-class background. In fact, he's an old, delicately not in the mold of the elegant gentleman cricketer, the model English always gives as representative of his sport and his.

Working as natural with Gooch, England's years ago, when he batted in his first national test, he was near-paralyzed by awe—"to play in the company of men who've virtually been born to wield a cricket bat for their country." He lined a massive and a half, faced three balls and scored nil, before he was gratuitously "given out" on a middle-inn up to a bowler on top ball. He was out of the team for three years then. And he'd barely scribbled his way back when he was called anew—again for a total three years. He was named by the international sporting world for playing his game, working

his bat, in the Republic of South Africa. Now, of course, Gooch knew South Africa was a parish state... just as Miramax Theater knew while she dreamed desiring these-playing her game, as the seed, for the improvement of black South Africa's lot. Gooch and the same, as he played with and coached black cricketers. In fact, he held the thoroughly Thatcher view that no one can tell an Englishman how to play cricket, but he knows his business, especially when [to use a Thatcherian phrase] "money money" is involved. Gooch is hard-battled about business—improving his lot, he'd say—meeting in a succession of houses, each one better than the last, in his home country, where he plays his cricket, the country of Essex. Gooch is, in fact, the perfect Essex Man, a knight of Thatcherite England, who overcame all accidents of birth by stubborn, willful application—by thousands of hours of training for which he was ridiculed—till he could stand toe-to-toe with the "masters," till he became not only captain of Essex but captain of England, and one of the most selfish batsmen in the history of his game.

In a test against India, just after he became England's captain, Gooch batted at Lord's, the "Wanderers" club, in London. In asking how, against a world-class attack, Gooch batted for six minutes—he batted all day, went home to sleep, then returned before the next day—and scored 115 runs before he set down. It was the highest test score ever at Lord's, then highest in England's history, just thirty-two short of the record for the world. In American terms, it was like Reggie Jackson smacking three home runs in three innings in the Series—on a scorching ground. In a kinder England, Gooch would have been England.

That was three years ago. And now... a selfish man?

I WATCHED THE FIRST TEST ON TV, five days, morning till night. From the start, the Australians were swinging, impressing as *zika* chairmen—paroled as they were with nations of whom they had their noses and around their mouths (Whoever could have told them that England had size to bleed?) They they batted, and batted, they batted and batted. There was no danger that England would ever bowl them out. By the fourth day (fifty

minutes before tea), the Australians stopped batting of their own accord—they had so many runs (70), they decided they'd rather use the time to bowl England out.

By the fourth day, I was talking to the mezzal level of a cricket commentator (With forty hours of mostly crowd-ripping, a test match leaves room for ample commentary.) "Oh," I'd remember already as I listened my head to the test, "a body make." I'd scribble in my diary by 11:30 a.m., with my notebook, pen, my newspapers open to the scoring statements and bowling figures ("Mr. Andy's poll") and then I would stand to the crib of England, played out for me on a carpet of green, dappled in droplets of wisdom from the BBC booth in Manchester.

"And that's what England must do," said the play-by-play voice, as a wicket-keeper, England's fielder, batted himself across the grass to stop another Australian walk-up from leaving the playing field altogether. "Whatever you do—do this from the boundary, a stump, whatever you do—you simply must keep your middle off your front up."

To reply the northern bogies of the color commentator: "No England, not a noogie."

But, in fact, Gooch was batting. He batted all that fourth afternoon. Then he went to sleep and came back to his post on the fifth and final day. As long as Gooch was batting—still, by miracle—England had a chance. Not to win, understood, but a convincing chance, to not lose... as long as Gooch stood.

And how he stood—with magnificent awareness for England's hundred-to-one odds, with total defiance of Australia's bowlers. The batting, big squarer held no terror—he'd knock the ball with a pad, whereas it dribbled away harmlessly. Or if they bowled no short ball over for the fitness, getting up the runs. After each stroke, the camera would linger on him, his impressive bowler to try to the remaining bowler to do that one again. By noon, Gooch had made his hundred—in England's century is ten cricketers. He would hit but insist to acknowledge applause. When he stopped off for lunch, the voice from the booth held their first hour of hope for days.

The home side? Must swing! (The comment is, Australia...)

England may not be looking at the bottom of the can.

As for me, I was whistling over my lips: I'd become an English, I was thrilled at not losing. I moved to a harder chair, just for discomfort's sake. Like the old bench before—God, I see me... I propped my watch up on the table just five more hours if Gooch could hold on.

With that chance on the air, wait! An English minister after ten, Gooch laid up, when he blocked a nasty bowler with his bat. The ball bounced off the ground and into the air behind him? It looked like the ball may come down on his wicket. He'd be finished!

With the drop-pipe speed of a bear spearing salmon, Gooch bent backward and knocked the ball with the back of his glove. His wicket stood.

"Glad...!" murmured the BBC men.

Oh, what? The wicket stood a finger. "And he's not Gooch but Sam Grayson!" It's one of those rules—you can't touch the ball. It's a rule to anyone, a damn rule to anyone, it never happened to Gooch before. It never happened in England before. It never happened to an Englishman in any test match, anywhere in the world. "Our hundred ball" happened four times in history. There it was, batted by God as Gooch.

I was up at dawn, waiting for my siblings. And then it was—unofficial NATIONAL BORDERS GOODNESS COUNTY SERVICE. ENGLAND FILLED BY THE HAND OF GODS.

Four Irish England. No history—not in one sport, not for one match, one day... how could it be?

I phoned the dean, Brian Glavinie, a brilliant man, a successful playwright and author in addition to his thirty years as a columnist on the sports page.

"Pete's sport," Glavinie snapped, "Cricket is dying, anyway. Soccer's the thing, it gets the best athletes. And the knees there are tremendous. Graham Taylor's an idiot. If Taylor batted over ten times, we'd have a decent team. Of course, great players like Gascoigne come from the underclass and have no discipline."

The problem is there are no heroes anymore. There's tremendous courage for that political generation.



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And venison at the table. The Queen has shown herself to be an astute, sensitive, and discerning diner. As a former of *Amuse*, her favorite is a herring. Anne looks like she was wanted on a public *Meat* as a backboard. Bowen's just said the Duke of Edinburgh's a tasteless, ineffectual buff.

"The problem is we've got a secretary who's the wrong class but has a nibble of aristocracy and a dignity and made unemployable. The clever ones got a leg up—scholarships, university—the clever grammar-school boys got through. But they left behind an underclass that has nothing to offer except to self-windmill by violence. Nobility—the racism is repugnant, violence toward old people is appalling, knives are no longer just for dogs or dogs, there are more and more, they are afraid, the cities are a terror, in the northeast there are areas that are simply desecrated.

"It's really because a horrible country of Coombs, I can't live anywhere else."

AND THERE WAS THE REALITY—THE TRIP about the country. All week, she was in a funk, but she kept working. She had a meeting with the press, then she drove out from their disused manor village to their coastal house in the factory town after the factory had moved to Singapore. They stay and spend their own five tons ruffing at what a lovely place it is.

It's a kind of home, really—revere Tennant—poor little it. It makes them happy to meet to happy to get it. The national sense is endurance. Happily, now there's more to endure.

Of course, it's useful for a Mother's Get-together.

But I said what in this weekend from the BBC booth—that rose from Lord's, holy ground, which the Aristocrats were befuddling with another burr-henge that never stopped. It began to rain. We Englanders stood in the field. The curtains, wet and dappled, pouring down in fern, finally passed the grandstand.

"There seems to be a general acceptance of fate," said the solemn voice of British Broadcasting. "People huddled under umbrellas." WAR.

"Stomach pain required—if you support England!" W

OUT OF THE WOODS

[continued from page 60] Keeps the smell in better."

"It does."
"Did you get up and not out, then lay down and start breathing fresh?"
"More or less."
"It's the same thing. A mauling, the vet called it."

"A mauling."
"The problem is we've got a secretary who's the wrong class but has a nibble of aristocracy and a dignity and made unemployable. The clever ones got a leg up—scholarships, university—the clever grammar-school boys got through. But they left behind an underclass that has nothing to offer except to self-windmill by violence. Nobility—the racism is repugnant, violence toward old people is appalling, knives are no longer just for dogs or dogs, there are more and more, they are afraid, the cities are a terror, in the northeast there are areas that are simply desecrated.

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Credits

Fashion

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